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SIXPENCE.  
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MR. DAN LENO AND MR. HERBERT CAMPBELL AS THE BABES IN THE WOOD,  
AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



## WHY VULGARISE THE PANTOMIME?

Although it is said there are twenty pantomimes in London this season, several of which have already received recognition in *The Sketch*, there are only, for a large portion of the public, "The Babes in the Wood," at Drury Lane Theatre, and Mr. Oscar Barrett's pantomime of "Cinderella," at the Garrick. I have been to both of these, and I recognise elements



MISS KITTY LOFTUS AS THE PRINCESS IN HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY-TALES, AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

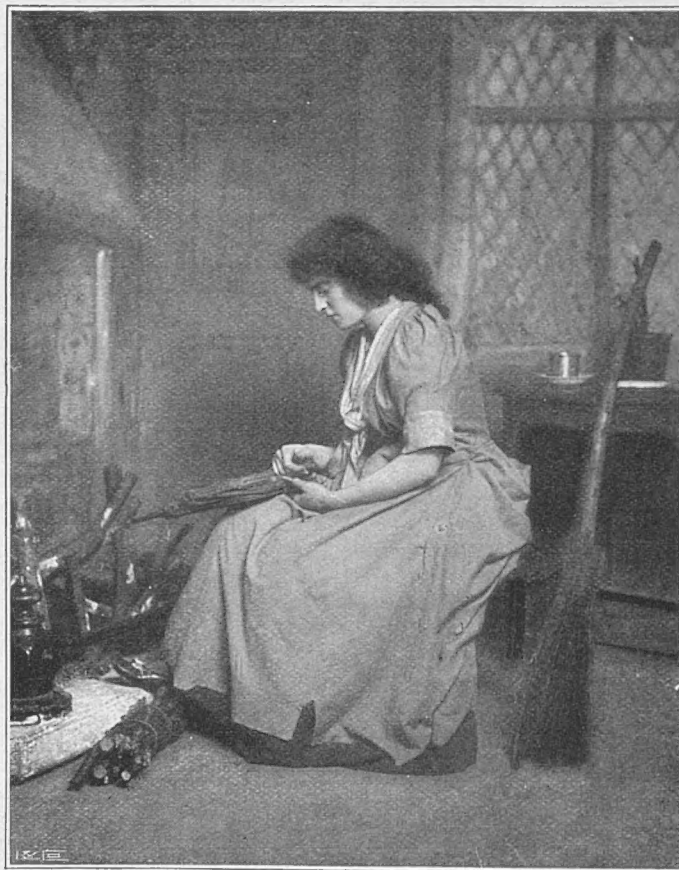
of interest in each. At Drury Lane Mr. Dan Leno and Mr. Herbert Campbell provide a strong measure of rollicking fun, and Mr. Leno in particular has a grotesque humour which holds the audience while he is on the stage. Added to this there is the usual magnificence of spectacular display—the delightfully artistic ballets, enhanced by the performance of the Grigolatis Aërial Troupe. Much the same criticism applies to the Garrick Theatre; here also you have one or two performers who charm. Mr. Harry Nicholls has a face like a benediction, and Miss Cicely Richards makes a delightful fairy godmother, while the little girl, Elsa Moxter, who presents Cinderella with the magic slippers, is a dream of childish artlessness and sweetness. As at Drury Lane, there is a gorgeous display from a spectacular point of view, although not anything like the first "Cinderella" pantomime which Mr. Barrett gave us some years ago. All this has been said, or much like it has been said, before in these pages, and I wish now not so much to criticise existing pantomimes as to make an appeal to Mr. Arthur Collins and Mr. Oscar Barrett to consider whether it is not possible to give us something quite different another year. A suggestion of this possibility is afforded to me by a visit to Terry's Theatre to see the Hans Andersen Fairy Tales, "The Princess and the Swineherd" and "The Soldier and the Tinder-box." Here are stories which lend themselves perfectly to pantomime, as the word is understood by us moderns, to whom the harlequinade is quite an exploded institution.

"The Soldier and the Tinder-Box," as every reader of Hans Andersen is aware, is an excellent story, and its presentation at Terry's is as good as could possibly be. There are two mechanical soldiers, in the persons of Mr. Windham Guise and Mr. J. W. Macdonald, who would, I am quite sure, give as much enjoyment at Drury Lane as they give at Terry's Theatre with their delightful lyric on "the clockwork in their tummies." There is an absolutely ideal King in Mr. Eric Lewis, who certainly ought not to be left out of any Christmas pantomime, and there is a quite delightful Princess in Miss Louie Pounds. Notwithstanding the humour of Mr. Eric Lewis and the soldiers, I am not quite sure of the possibilities of this particular story for the purpose I want to emphasise, although the whole thing is perfectly acted. But I am quite sure that a fairy-tale like "The Princess and the Swineherd" might be made the basis of a magnificent entertainment at Drury Lane, the Garrick, or some other house. Here, in a little theatre, with accessories which are, one imagines, by no means elaborate or expensive, the place is filled with an audience which is evidently in raptures at the presentation of this popular story by Miss Kitty Loftus and her associates, any one of whom is far better

and has far better songs to sing than the hero or heroine of actual pantomime. Miss Kitty Loftus, with her vivacity, her many talents as an actress and as a dancer, is the best of all possible Princesses, while Miss Louie Pounds is the most charming of all possible Princes.

Every one of the other characters—the royal footman, the royal tailor, the royal governess, and so on—lend themselves to the purposes of pantomime, and I can imagine what a delightful entertainment we might have if, added to Mr. Basil Hood's skilful arrangement of Andersen's story, we had the magnificent scenery and setting which Drury Lane or the Garrick Theatre could provide, and if we had also a number of additional lyrics and songs by clever writers of this kind of thing, like Adrian Ross, Harry Greenbank, and *The Sketch's* own particular lyricist, Mr. J. M. Bulloch, or from some of the younger men whose lyrics for children are becoming more and more the note of our pretty Christmas books. It may be urged that Drury Lane demands quite the amount of music-hall patter that its enterprising and skilful manager provides for it; that the pit and gallery, at least, would not much care for a well-evolved fairy-tale with a regular sequence of story in it; that for the pit and gallery public it requires the addition of a great deal of the kind of thing which every intelligent parent must bitterly resent when he visits Drury Lane, notably one particular song.

All this kind of thing cannot be good for children, whom one wants to live in an ideal world as long as possible. I do not believe that is a fair estimate of the pit and the gallery which assumes that they require their children to be provided with music-hall "features" which are all very well in their place. I am quite persuaded that there is a far longer "run" before the pantomime which, while it tells the story on the lines of the ideal, eliminates every suspicion of the vulgar and the sordid. No child wants its illusions dispersed in the way they are dispersed at Drury Lane; the Babes, lost in the wood in the real fairy-tale, do not grow up to bounce round in a very loud middle-aged manner, as they do at Drury Lane, and I am quite certain that no child wishes them to. The fact is, the man in woman's clothing and other aspects of the Christmas pantomime are quite dead to those who have eyes to see. The theatre manager who has the judgment to provide his Christmas fairy-tale on more æsthetic lines is going to make a large fortune. Cinderella's sisters, for example, should not be represented by men. If I were arranging my ideal pantomime, and could secure their services, I would invite Miss Lottie Venne and Miss Kitty Loftus to act the part of those same wicked sisters. But why "Cinderella" and "The Babes in the Wood" at all? These are two well-worn themes. There are many, many tales in Andersen and Grimm which would have an element of



MISS GRACE DUDLEY AS CINDERELLA, AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

novelty and freshness and would charm old and young. Why not take Grimm's "White Cat," for example? There is plenty of room, I doubt not, for every one of the distinguished artists who now adorn the Drury Lane and the Garrick pantomimes, but their talents must be applied by the writers of the libretto in a different way. They must have the material furnished by people as clever as Mr. Basil Hood, and their own gag must be rigidly excluded. When this is done, I think I see a vast additional audience added to Drury Lane, and I do not think that a single half-crown of its present patrons will be missing to the exchequer.

C. K. S.





MISS KITTY LOFTUS IN "THE SWINEHERD AND THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES,"

AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



"CINDERELLA," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

*Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



THE PRINCE IN HUNTING COSTUME (MISS HELEN BERTRAM).



CINDERELLA IN HER BALL-DRESS (MISS GRACE DUDLEY).



THE UGLY SISTERS (MR. JOHN LE HAY AND MR. HARRY NICHOLLS).



CRYSTAL (MISS ELSA MOXTER).



## GIDDY DUBLIN.

Dublin may be dear and dirty: it is also dramatic and loves gaiety. Thus, within the last few weeks it has added unto itself a new theatre and a new music-hall. It is now eighteen years since fire robbed it of its Theatre Royal, which its people regarded, and with some truth, as the finest playhouse in the three kingdoms after Drury Lane, and naturally there was a great rush for seats on its reopening, by Messrs. Morell and Mouillot. All Dublin wanted to be present, but the theatre could accommodate only 2300 persons, and so there was plenty of that sort of disappointment among the public so dear to the theatrical manager's heart. The play was "The Geisha." Before the performance began Mrs. Mouillot read a prologue written by Mr. Edwin Hamilton, a local poet and humorist, which reminded the audience of the glories of the place: no mean glories either, for during six decades of this century—that is to say, from 1821 to 1880—its boards were trodden by almost every one of the great dramatic and musical artists of the time. By the way, the 1821 prologue was written by George Colman the younger, and gave great offence to the critics, who, looking forward to a eulogy of the theatre, were presented with a short history, from which it appeared that the place had at one time been a market, and that afterwards it became the home of the Royal Dublin Society.

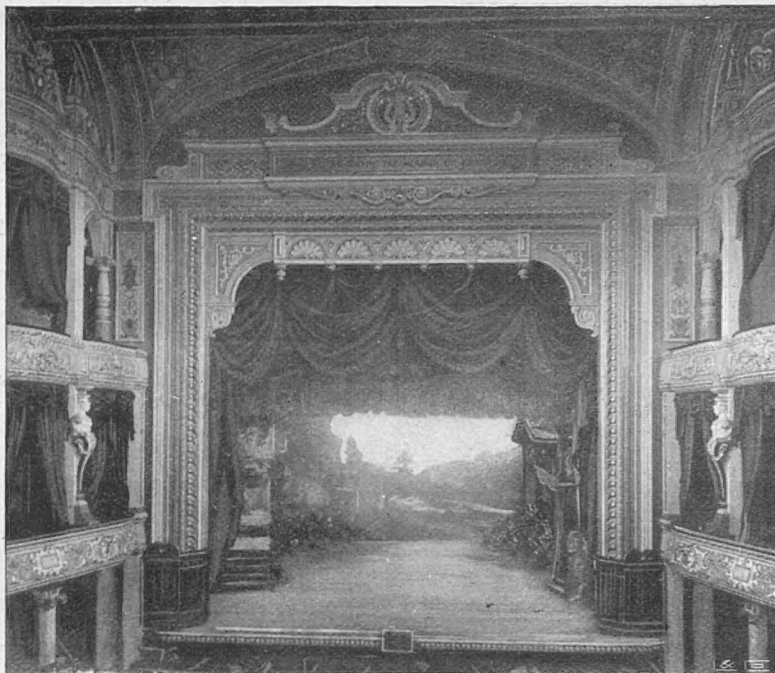
The new theatre has a pleasant air of space and elbow-room. It is, of course, supplied with all the latest mechanical improvements. It has a special large box for the Viceroy, with private entrance, ante-room, and other accommodation, and a splendid saloon and ladies' drawing-room. There is no pit in the old sense, the whole ground floor (a thousand seats) being arranged on the American "parterre" system, and all bookable at a low figure—an interesting experiment. The management can do with the stage what Dan O'Connell said he could do with an Act of Parliament—they can drive a coach and four through it, entering at one side from the street and emerging at the other into a new carriage-way. It cannot quite be said that the new Dublin Theatre Royal is as solid or as distinguished a structure as its predecessor, but it will "supply a long-felt want," for the Gaiety and the Queen's, notwithstanding admirable management, were not capable of meeting the growing wants in this matter of the Irish capital. And that these wants are growing is pretty well evidenced by the fact that during the past

month, in addition to the new Theatre Royal, a large Theatre of Varieties and a Lyric Hall, both admirable houses, have been opened.

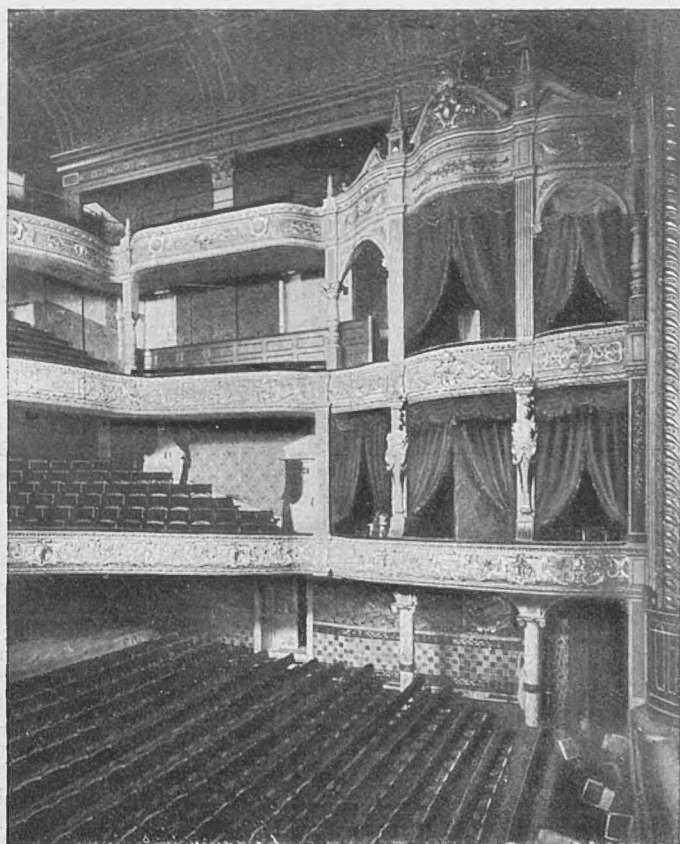
And a new music-hall has arisen in the shape of the Empire Palace Theatre. It has been built on the site of the old and popular Star Theatre of Varieties in Dame Street, which, however, it surpasses in size, beauty, and, indeed, in almost every detail. A splendid stage, a proscenium larger than that of either the Palace Theatre or the Empire in London, accommodation for over seventeen hundred spectators—which all visitors may

advisedly be dubbed, as an excellent view of the stage is obtainable from every seat in the house—capital acoustic properties, luxurious boxes, stalls, and seats, and a *tout ensemble* of refined decoration in the Louis Quinze style, in which ivory, gold, and a *soupeçon* of faint blue predominate, are but a few of the permanent attractions that the new theatre offers. Artistically minded visitors cannot fail to be struck with the beauty of the painted ceiling and the exquisite design of the carved façade which spans the front of the balconies. This picturesqueness is heightened by the delicate peacock-blue plush utilised for the curtains and upholstery, and the fine palms which are effectively grouped in various parts of the house. The opening night was a memorable occasion, and the programme included the names of many world-renowned artists, who met with as enthusiastic a reception as the heart of man or woman could desire. The wisdom of the management in continuing to provide the public

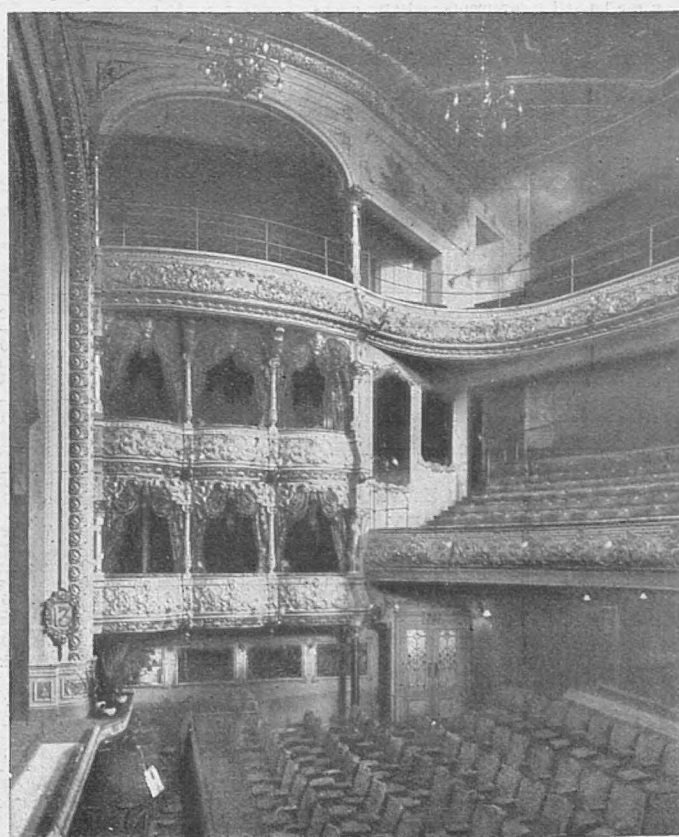
with an excellent and varied bill of fare has had its reward in the packed audiences which nightly await the lifting of the curtain; a mediocre attendance has, so far, not been recorded on the books. A special feature is the Saturday matinée, when no smoking is permitted, and when the programme, at all times of a high class, is specially "Bowdlerised" to please the ladies of Dublin, to whom the music-hall had hitherto been a *terra incognita*. Now all this is changed, and ladies of high degree and society leaders may be seen occupying boxes and stalls at the Empire every Saturday afternoon. Mr. Adam Findlater, who has been the moving spirit in the venture, is to be congratulated on the success that has attended his scheme, and a word of praise may not be inappropriately bestowed on Mr. Frank Allen and Mr. A. S. Figgis, general and acting managers, for the excellent arrangements that have so conduced to the comfort and enjoyment of the visitors. The Empire fills a long-felt want in Dublin, and has undoubtedly a most successful future in prospect.



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## SMALL TALK.

I see that her Majesty has directed that the State Rooms at Kensington Palace, which have been closed and unoccupied since 1760, shall, after careful restoration, be opened to the public. Kensington Palace has been described as a "plain brick building of no particular style or period, but containing a heterogeneous mass of dull apartments, halls, and galleries, presenting externally no single feature of architectural beauty, the united effect of its ill-proportioned divisions being irregular and disagreeable in the extreme." John Evelyn, writing of it after King William III. had purchased and altered it, calls the place "a patch'd building, but, with the garden, however, it is a very sweete villa." To present-day Englishmen the fact of the Queen's early residence there must always render it interesting. These same State apartments now to be opened to the public by the Queen's consideration have been described as comfortable but far from splendid or tasteful, with ceilings and staircases ornamented with paintings by Kent. The grand staircase leads from the principal entrance to the Palace on the west by a long corridor, the sides of which are painted to represent a gallery crowded with spectators on a Court-day. In these the artist introduced various portraits, himself among them. The original mansion was the suburban residence of Lord Chancellor Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, and was styled Nottingham House. For this mansion William III. gave 18,000 guineas. A considerable sum must have been expended on it to bring it to that state of "Dutch solidity" which struck Leigh Hunt as a chief characteristic.

Lord Charles Beresford, who has won a seat for the Unionists at York, was an unconventional candidate. It has been laid to his charge by a critic that instead of talking politics he swore. Well, there are many electors who would accept in these dull times any sort of substitute for the ordinary partisan controversies. Even members of Parliament might not be greatly shocked by an accidental oath from the sea such as escaped now and again from the lips of the late Sir Charles Napier. Lord Charles Beresford will be heartily welcomed back to the House of Commons. When he was a member of the 1886 Parliament he charmed the House with his frank, bright ways. He feared no man—not even the First Lord of the Admiralty—and he spoke as naturally as if he were on his own ship. The Prince of Wales, who is not seen once a year in the House of Commons, went to hear Lord Charles's speech in March 1886 advocating an increase of the Navy. It was a pithy performance, but it produced no immediate effect, although the gallant seaman has lived to see the Navy stronger even than he at that time proposed. Since he retired from Parliament in 1889 to resume active service, the House of Commons has looked upon Admiral Field as the typical tar, but the Admiral's service at sea was not so brilliant as that of the old captain of the *Condor*, which distinguished itself at the bombardment of Alexandria. "Never mind the *Condor*," modestly said Lord Charles at York. "But we will mind," said Mr. Butcher, the senior member.

Sir Tatton Sykes, whose name has come before the public in connection with a money-lender's action, is known chiefly at race-meetings. His brother, Mr. Christopher Sykes, however, was for nearly a quarter of a century a familiar figure in the House of Commons. Tall, very grave, and carefully dressed, with gloves always on his hands, he went in and out of the House without making many acquaintances. His manners were exceedingly exclusive. He preferred to sit in the side gallery instead of on a crowded bench downstairs. I do not think he ever made a speech. Certainly, he never spoke more than a few sentences all the time he was in the House. On one occasion, if not in two Parliaments, Mr. Sykes introduced a Bill to amend the Fisheries (Oysters, Crabs, and Lobsters) Act. When he formally moved for leave to bring in this Bill, some members, seeking sport, invited him to explain it. Mr. Sykes, however, was proof against the invitation. Speech had no temptation for him.



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.  
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

The exhibition of Mr. David Sellar's "Old Masters" at the Grafton Galleries should serve as a useful object-lesson to collectors. The story, though bereft of any definite purpose, is instructive, and worth re-telling. Mr. Sellar is a gentleman who has a turn for high art, and he has indulged it by acquiring from time to time a considerable number of pictures, all purchased on his own unaided judgment. Finding his collection growing beyond the capacity of his walls, he decided to thin it, and last July he sent a number of canvases to Christie's. The pictures failed to find purchasers and their owner was at a loss what to do with them. After much consideration, he decided to give them away, and offered the collection to the City Corporation free gratis and for nothing. The City Fathers were greatly affected by this piece of generosity, and arranged to inspect the masterpieces. They came and brought Sir Edward Poynter with them. They saw, but they were not conquered, and in the result Mr. Sellar's disinterested generosity was declined with thanks.

Mr. Sellar is, however, not a person who cares to have his artistic prescience questioned. He decided that the refusal of his proffered gift was due to mere ignorance. But, anyway, he determined to retrieve his reputation for art knowledge by appealing to "the Press" and the public. And so the Grafton Galleries have been taken and the pictures hung therein, and by the time these lines appear "the Press" and the public will have had an opportunity of bearing testimony to the judiciousness of the judgment arrived at by the Corporation. That Mr. Sellar's offer was generous is beyond dispute. Of his firm belief in the merit of his pictures there can be no question; it is equalled only by his faith in his own judgment, which is probably as undoubted as are the shortcomings of the collection of canvases he has brought together. Of the "Old Masters" shown, some three hundred in all, the greater proportion are beyond criticism. Some are mere daubs, which would reflect discredit on an elementary art-school. Quite a number are out of drawing, and others, catalogued under well-known names, lack any single indication of their reputed painters' work. Taken as a whole, the exhibition, intended to impugn the judgment of the Academy, only vindicates it.



Young Tom Edison is a wizard, like his father. His full name is Thomas A. Edison, and he is a true chip of the old block, twenty-one years of age. Although but turned a man, young Edison is at the head of his own prosperous business in New York, where he is exploiting an electric lamp of his own invention, the "Edison Junior Improved."



EDISON'S SON.  
From the "New York World."

The young fellow has been interviewed by the *Sunday World* man, and talked to him chiefly about himself, which, of course, was what the *Sunday World* man wanted. Apart from his bumpiness and belief in himself, young Edison's best and strongest point is his loyalty to his father, whom he considers "the best college on earth." From him he has learned all he knows, having from his eleventh year to his twenty-first shared the Herculean and sleepless labours of the elder Edison. At twenty-one young Tom was sent out to try his fortune, his father believing that he ought to fight his own battle. Evidently he has got on well in brief space, for he is not yet twenty-two and his business is described by the copy-spinner as "firmly established." He has all his father's restless inventive energy, and only waits, he says, to "get his lamp offices and works running satisfactorily" (did we not hear that the business was "firmly established"? ) before returning to his laboratory to complete several inventions he has on hand. For this he is "impatient." Young Edison is an enthusiastic athlete, and has many fine social qualities. With the people at his father's mines in Western New Jersey he is a great favourite. Like his father, he "takes little stock in patents." Unlike his father, he is practised in the use of the capital "I." If the "best College on Earth" sees that interview, he may possibly suggest to his son that even after leaving college there is much to be learned.

The mole is commonly regarded as a creature which was sent into this world to provide a living for trappers and caps for costermongers. His real mission is made clear in the last *Journal* of the Board of Agriculture by Mr. Harting. The unsightly mounds his engineering works produce furnish an excellent and inexpensive "top-dressing" for the fields, which can be applied by a deft kick or one scoop and toss of the spade; his numerous tunnels form a system of surface drainage, highly beneficial to vegetation on low-lying lands; and, more important, probably, than either, the mole renders excellent service in devouring worms and slugs and the larvæ of numerous insects destructive to roots. Of course, if the moles become too numerous—as they are likely to do when their natural enemies, weasels and owls, are remorselessly killed down—they are likely to be a nuisance; but the mole in moderation is an excellent farm-labourer, and deserves far more consideration than he gets. By the way, I never knew till I read this article that, among her many wrongs, Ireland was denied the mole, though, from the circumstance that the people have several names for it, there must have been an Irish mole population at some period.

An article on bird-trapping in *The Sketch* of Jan. 5 has provoked an indignant remonstrance from Miss Edith Carrington, who writes to me from Bristol—

The serious danger which threatens our crops in the imminent extermination of birds has forced the Board of Agriculture to issue leaflets bringing forward the importance of bird protection. It is lamentable indeed to find an enlightened person doing his best to be mischievous to his own species by advocating, with idle jests, the use of a bird-trap, and producing an illustration to aid readers in its use.

I cannot plead guilty to this indictment. There was no advocacy of trapping—only a brief comment on a favourite pastime of small boys (who, I fear, will not be reformed nor deterred by the Board of Agriculture), and a remark on the undoubted pugnacity of the robin. A picture of a trap is no more a deliberate incentive to the use of it than the picture of a sword would be to decapitation. Suppose I print a sketch of burglars' tools. Would Miss Carrington call that an incentive to burglary? She does not distinguish between a chronicle and a moral stimulus. I quite agree with her as to the necessity of preserving birds, not only for the sake of our crops, but also for the sake of humanity. For instance, the wearing of white egret-plumes by women ought to be condemned by every humane mind. It causes a great deal of misery simply to gratify a selfish vanity. I hope that Miss Carrington will use her forcible pen to impress this on the thoughtless women who sacrifice the instincts of pity to fashion.

The British angler is unable, wherever fate may set him down, to do without the trout, and it is really remarkable how readily that meritorious fish accommodates himself to foreign waters. With the aid of Governors of piscatorial taste, the angling brotherhood have firmly established the trout, and to some extent also the salmon, in New Zealand waters, and the contemplative man during the last two or three years has been able to enjoy sport with trout bred in the colony, catching them

up to 2 lb. weight and over. In the Nilgiri Hills, Madras, the local Game Association have been hatching out imported trout ova in the mountain lakes and streams. Netting operations showed that the fry had thriven well, a few being caught of weights varying from 1½ lb. to 7 lb., but they are not sufficiently numerous yet to provide sport. Cape Colony was the last to discover that the trout was indispensable to the happiness of her people, and about four years ago Sir James Sivewright (trust the Scotchman who is an angler to care for these things!) employed his energy and influence to secure the support of the local Government for a salmon and trout hatchery. Since its establishment the manager—who, by the way, came from the famous Solway Fishery—has turned a hundred thousand trout into the rivers of the colony, and, now the concern is in thorough working order, he expects to turn out two hundred thousand this year. Some five thousand smelts have also been hatched and set free in the Berg river; but whether these are destined to rejoice the hearts of the salmon-anglers or the maws of native predatory fish is a question only experience can decide. Let us hope the former.

Mr. Lowenfeld's "La Poupée" souvenir has established a record in souvenir distribution. To give souvenirs to the audience on the fiftieth or hundredth night of a play means, doubtless, the distribution—at any rate, at the larger theatres—of some thousands of these generally pretty and interesting gifts, but the method pursued by the manager of the Prince of Wales's Theatre has involved the sending away of some hundred thousand of the artistic book devised for presentation to the patrons of the popular house. The souvenirs which, by post or by carrier, have gone away from Coventry Street would more than fill the stage; their total weight exceeds twelve tons and a half, while the expense of production and distribution was more than double the sum which it cost to mount and produce the opera.

The "League of Indoor Reformers"—what a funny name!—urges ladies, "since the wearing of 'rational' costume frequently exposes the dauntless pioneers to ridicule in the streets," to wear it as much as possible at home, so that visitors will gradually become accustomed to it, until the sight of it in the street will no longer seem strange to anyone.

Shakspeare is not by any means new to Derby School, for in recent years "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest" have been produced with great success, although they were not up to the high level of the latest production. At the close of 1897 "Twelfth Night" was given, and proved a worthy sequel to all previous histrionic efforts on the part of the school. The success attained is the more praiseworthy as the principal performers were, on the whole, younger than usual. The music, as might be expected from Derby School, was an important feature, and several sources were drawn upon. The incidental music and the concluding song of the play were specially written for the occasion by Mr. C. J. Hargitt; the music for the Revels was part of a Shakspeare masque composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan; the entr'actes were by various eminent composers, while the Headmaster, Mr. J. R. Sterndale Bennett, contributed six songs in the first and second acts. The performers, so far as industry, intelligence, and painstaking went, left little to be desired. Sir Andrew and Sir Toby were admirably taken by J. Sterndale Bennett and G. T. Shaw, while A. Walker and A. A. P. Winsor showed exceptional conceptions of the parts of Malvolio and Feste the jester. Two brothers, G. S. and S. L. Archbutt, represented Sebastian and Viola, who take such an important part in the play. Olivia was in the hands of E. C. W. Gamble, and E. J. Hone was her attendant, Maria, and they were both wonderfully proficient. The rest of the performers added in no small measure to the success of the play, which was witnessed on each occasion by an enthusiastic audience.

Mr. R. V. Shone, the business manager of the St. James's Theatre, has sent me a Christmas card so ingenious that I reproduce it even in this the third week of the New Year. After wishing me his good wishes on one cover and gazing on me in portraiture from the other, he shows the fortunes of his house in the inside by planting "The Tree of Knowledge." This tree has many branches—that is, it represents Mr. George Alexander's productions, starting near the root with "Doctor Bill" and rising to "The Princess and the Butterfly." You will observe that the tree does not taper off. That would indicate that Mr. Alexander's career was coming to an end, while we know it is only in its heyday. I hope Mr. Shone will shine long to help the growth of the tree.

Elsewhere I give a picture of the Goldsmiths' Company's Hall in connection with Sir John Shorter. I may here draw attention to the Technical and Recreative Institute of the Company at New Cross, and their branch Institute at Sayes Court, Deptford, the prospectus of which forms a bulky pamphlet.



MR. R. V. SHONE'S CHRISTMAS CARD.



"TWELFTH NIGHT," AT DERBY SCHOOL

*Photographs by Kelne, Limited.*



THE COMPANY.



THE DUEL BETWEEN VIOLA AND SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.



THE REVELS.

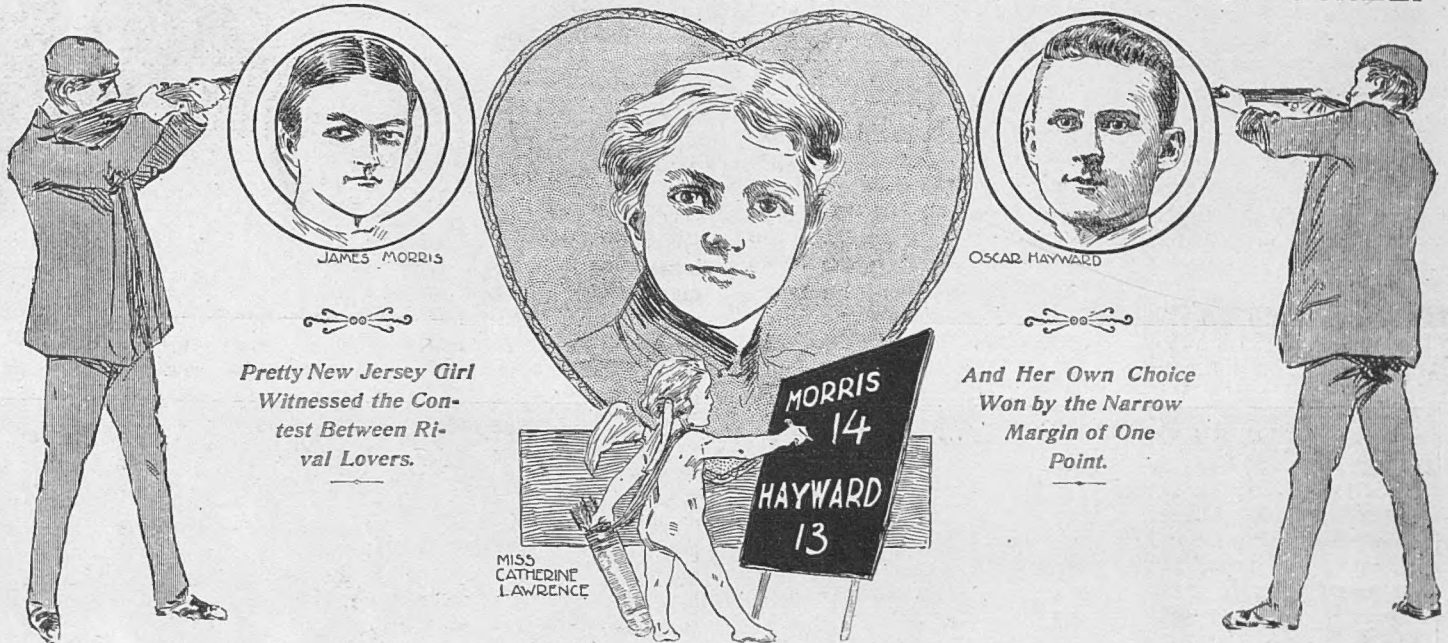


Even at the prosaic close of the nineteenth century, the Queen of Beauty and of Love still presides over the lists where champions contend for her charms. Last Thanksgiving Day they had an up-to-date tournament in the little hamlet of Dutch Neck, near Trenton, New Jersey. Oscar Hayward and James Morris had since boyhood loved Catherine Lawrence. At first they shared her affections peaceably enough, but as pinafore days receded they found that other arrangements must be made. The relations of the youths became strained, and Kitty would do nothing to help a decision. Accordingly, with the lady's consent, it was

score was eight to eight. At the fourteenth shot they were still equal. At the fifteenth Hayward missed. Then, amid breathless excitement, Morris fired his fifteenth round, scored, and won the girl. The combatants then shook hands, and up to the present no further "shooting" (this time in Bret Harte's sense) has been reported from Dutch Neck, near Trenton, N.J.

Mr. Clement Scott's famous article was fired at the American public by the *New York World*, which copyrighted it and printed it in full

## SHOOTING MATCH WITH A SWEETHEART FOR THE PRIZE.



REPRODUCED FROM THE "NEW YORK WORLD."

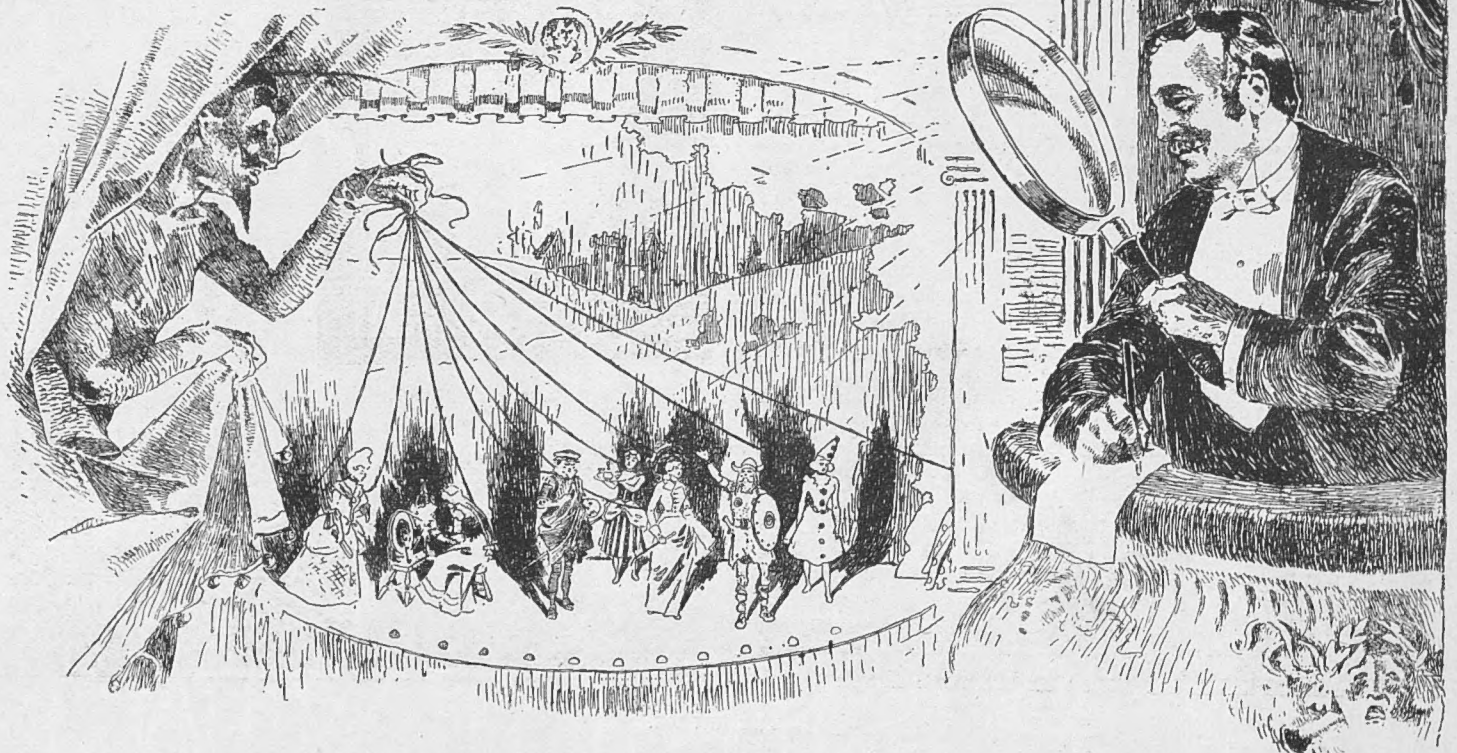
arranged that after the Thanksgiving Day "turkey-shoot," James and Oscar should fire certain decisive rounds, not at each other, but at the target, for the possession of Miss Lawrence's heart and hand. Hayward appeared for the "turkey-shoot" and shot well, but Morris stayed away until the duck-shooting began. The duck herself was on the ground, to which she had been driven by her father in a big farm-waggon.

The mark was a pine-board four inches square, into which each competitor was to put four shots at each round from an ordinary shot-gun at eighty-eight yards, otherwise he should fail to score. At the fifth round Morris put in only three shots, and there was a scream from the waggon. Miss Lawrence had discovered her preference. At the ninth shot the

beneath this characteristic picture. In the Christmas Number of that journal a cable appeared from "the greatest critic in the world," as Mr. Scott was described, in which he increased the violence of his attack by declaring that—

The swollen-head actor-managers will have to give up playing Hamlets, Romeos, and fascinating darlings in romances when they ought to be devoting their talent to caricature. They will have to give up this fulsome, idiotic coquetting with society. They will find it does not pay to leave dated stalls and boxes at street-doors of millionaires. They pride themselves on attracting an aristocratic audience, not one-tenth of which has paid one farthing for the entertainment. They will have to give up their impertinent, over-the-footlight speeches. They will have to learn that they are the servants, not the masters, of the public.

## THE STAGE SEEN THROUGH CLEMENT SCOTT'S GLASSES.



HOW THE "NEW YORK WORLD" REGARDS MR. CLEMENT SCOTT'S ACTION.



The familiar Horatian lines about the more beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother came into my head as I read of the brilliant début in New York society of Miss Fiji (Annie) Potter, child of Mr. and Mrs. James Brown-Potter. Although circumstances have for long separated daughter from mother, the latter, while figuring among the audiences at West End first-nights and arranging for her appearance as Charlotte Corday at the Adelphi, must have been gratified to hear of the flattering success made by the young débutante at a semi-private ball. Miss Fiji Potter's auburn hair and hazel eyes are compared with those of her mother, her powers of conversation and her linguistic attainments are warmly eulogised, and, indeed, if accounts are to be believed, she has taken by storm that society whose leaders well remember how Mrs. Brown-Potter became a professional actress.

There is always something mournful in the announcement, made however boldly, by the conductors of a literary enterprise that their work is done, and hence that their collective undertaking may be abandoned. In such wise, for example, the demise is announced, after an existence of sixteen years, of that stimulating literary review, *La Jeune Belgique*, which has included Maurice Maeterlinck (the so-called Belgian Shakspeare) among its contributors.

The *Billboard*, a newspaper published in Cincinnati as the organ of American billposters and distributors, has issued in a gay cover a large and well-illustrated Christmas Number. The *Billboard* has now been in existence some four years, and its organisers congratulate themselves on having taught the great American public the manifold advantages of what theatrical managers term comprehensively "printing."



MISS ALMA STANLEY AS A MAORI CHIEFTAINESS.

Photo by Sarony, Newton, New Zealand.

I have just received this curious photograph of Miss Alma Stanley, who is now touring New Zealand, where her health should be completely restored.

An Italian literary paper, published both in Turin and in Milan, has recently printed some interesting correspondence concerning the merits of Eleonora Duse, who has been compared, often favourably, with other representative Italian dramatic artists, and upon whose truthfulness to life stress has been specially laid. Apparently, therefore, the methods of New Journalism find favour across the Alps as well as in their original home across the Atlantic.

Mr. W. H. Denny, who has been lecturing before the Playgoer's Club on the Condition of the Drama, is son of that

esteemed actress, Mrs. Henry Leigh, is an old "Savoyard," and is, at present one of the chief supporters of Mr. Arthur Roberts at the Lyric. Mr. Denny has latterly done a vast amount of hard and useful work in connection with the management of the Savage Club.

Amateur theatricals are becoming more and more fashionable. Often enough these performances entertain the performers themselves more than the audiences, but certainly this was not the case last week at Ugbrooke Park, near Chudleigh, the Devonshire seat of Lord and Lady Clifford. When the prologue, ably delivered by Lord Clifford, had come to an end, Sir William Young, Mr. Walter Bonham, Mr. W. H. Leese, Lady Clifford, and Mrs. Leese played the ever-popular "Woman's Wiles," freely adapted from the French by Lawrence Olde. This was followed by the famous comediotta of the late G. W. Godfrey, entitled "My Milliner's Bill," in which Lady Young and Sir William Young were seen to advantage. "Ici on Parle Français," the *pièce de résistance* of the evening, was well played by Captain Elgood, Mr. Schwartz, Mr. W. H. Leese, Miss Emily Greenwood, Miss Mary Ricardo, Miss Georgina Ganz, and Lady Young. Lady Clifford concluded the programme with an excellently rendered epilogue. Mr. Charles Deacon was musical director, Mr. Roger Plowden business manager.

I observe that an opera by a Spanish-American composer has been brought out successfully at Buenos Ayres. From its name, "Pampa," I should imagine that local colour would be found in the opera, for the great Pampas rank high among the physical features of South America.

The late Sir Archibald Dunbar, the sixth baronet of Northfield, was the chief of one of the oldest families in the North of Scotland, more especially in the county of Elgin. One of his ancestors, also named Archibald, was favourable to the Stuarts, and it was his daughter, an ardent Jacobite, who in 1746 entertained Prince Charlie in Thundertoun House, Elgin, and treasured the sheets of the bed on which the Prince slept, giving instructions that they should form her winding-sheet.

M. Arthur de Greef—the famous Belgian pianist and very special protégé of the Abbé Liszt, is now with us, giving recitals both in London and the provinces. Until he was nine years of age he was educated in his native town of Louvain; but having then carried off the first prize at the local Conservatoire, he was sent to Brussels, where he studied the piano under M. Brassin, and harmony under M. Gevaert, the well-known Principal of that school. At fifteen years of age he carried off the first prize there, and two years later presented himself as a candidate for the Diplôme Capacité, passing the examination with the greatest ease and highest honours, though he was the first pianist to be awarded this honour. While still studying at the Conservatoire, he went on an extensive tour through France, Italy, Germany, and Belgium, everywhere meeting with immense success, as well as making the acquaintance of Liszt, who showed him the greatest kindness and sympathy and presented him with a work in manuscript dedicated to him, and this he is still unwilling to desecrate by publication. When only twenty-five he was called, by Royal Command, "Professeur Supérieur de Piano" of the Royal Conservatoire in Brussels, and he has since played in Berlin, made his English début, and visited America. Wishing to make a deep and complete study of the works of the old masters, he learnt the harpsichord and the organ, for he always likes to play quaint old compositions upon the instruments for which they were written, though his sympathies are certainly strongest for the great Scandinavian—Herr Grieg pronounces him to be the most ideal and perfect interpreter of his works he has ever met—and it is in Norway he has scored some of his greatest successes. He is also a clever composer, his "Ballade" for orchestra creating quite a furore, and he is already well known as a conductor.



M. ARTHUR DE GREEF.

Herr Georg Liebling, the German pianist, who came to London only last autumn, is returning to give a further series of recitals in St. James's Hall and to fulfil other engagements. He is a native of Berlin, and now only in his thirty-second year. He has studied with Theodore and Franz Kullak, and spent two years with Liszt at Weimar, where he thoroughly imbibed the spirit and thought of that great master, and he has also studied composition with Professor Heinrich Urban and scoring under Heinrich Dorn. Even as a child his talents promised to be remarkable, and, as his parents were very musical, he was encouraged in every way possible, and always had the best masters. He gave his first recital in Berlin when nineteen years of age, and soon after played with the famous Philharmonic Orchestra in that city, and a year later started on his first European tour.



HERR GEORG LIEBLING.

Photo by Sellin, Berlin.

It is not without interest, seeing the attention that the Press is giving to the "mission" on which the Rev. John McNeill has this week entered upon in London, to recall some remarks of the famous evangelist relating to his impressions of the Metropolis while he was located at Regent's Square. "I have found," he related in Edinburgh, "that when the attention of a London audience flags a little, it answers to tip them a little Scotch. Then there was the grand feeling caused by realising that one was in the centre of this great moving world of men, and all its mundane, extramundane, and eternal concerns. I feel when I am in London," he went on, "I am being carried along as in a railway train—not in a first, second, or third class carriage, but standing on the foot-plate of the engine, where you hear the beating of its mighty heart." Professor Blackie went the length of writing a sonnet on hearing Mr. McNeill preach in Regent's Square Chapel—

As thou, not with nice turn of curious phrase,  
But as a midnight watch that sounds alarm,  
Dost rouse the sleepers, and with billowy storm  
Of sacred wrath assault their sinful ways;  
So God thee bless! Where smooth impeachment fails,  
Stern Truth that marches stoutly on prevails.



Sir William Hozier, who has been raised to the peerage, comes of a Lanarkshire family of some age. He was created a baronet in 1890. His son, now the Hon. James Henry Cecil Hozier, the M.P. for South Lanarkshire, has been intimately connected with the House of Cecil; for



SIR WILLIAM HOZIER'S SEAT, MAIDSIE CASTLE.

*Photo by A. Brown and Co., Fernielee.*

he married a daughter of Lord Exeter and has been private secretary to Lord Salisbury. Maidslie Castle, one of the Lanarkshire seats of the family, is situated near Carlisle.

The cat here depicted is a very clever ratter. She was brought from a farmyard stable when about ten weeks old (writes a correspondent), and was then very wild and shy, but, after getting used to a town-house, she soon cleared the place of the mice, which had previously been very troublesome, and she then ranged the neighbourhood in search of rats. A river running at the foot of the garden furnished her with a happy hunting-ground, and she has brought home as many as three rodents in one day, most of them being full-grown specimens; and when she had a family of four kittens, she would bring home the spoils of the chase for them to play with; so, watching my opportunity, I one day secured her photograph just as she was in the act of leaping into her nest. I have never had an opportunity of seeing her seize her prey, but imagine she takes the animals by the back of the neck, and one can readily understand that it requires a cat of good courage to seize a full-grown rat in its native haunts.

Are things apparently evil ever blessings in disguise, and is there any question under the sun that does not admit of more than one point of view? These puzzles came to my mind as I sat in a railway-carriage on the Underground Railway a few evenings ago. We were somewhere between Gower Street and Baker Street, and I had been wondering what Dante would have given for the journey to serve for description as another Inferno, and whether it would be very painful by comparison to open the door and commit suicide at once. I thought of the South of France, of Brighton, almost of Margate, in the worst moments of my intense agony, and then I heard a gentleman who sat opposite to me tell the lady who accompanied him that travelling on the Underground Railway was, in reality, a very healthy pastime. "The sulphur is wonderfully good for the general system," he said, with a seriousness that seemed to indicate his own belief in the startling statement, "and if people

only knew how beneficial it is, the Underground would be crowded from morn till night." Then the train drew up into some station vaguely outlined in Cimmerian gloom, and the man of strange statements alighted with his companion.

Who was he, whence came he, and with what design? At first I thought it must be a "bull" in the form of a shareholder, who travelled night and day in the reeking, stifling atmosphere to console sufferers and engineer a rise; then I thought the strange person who had so happily disappeared into the thick darkness must be an enthusiastic faddist or a humorist. After that came the conclusion that he was a card-sharper, who lured people into conversation by means of these extraordinary remarks; and then invited them to play games in which they stood no chance. Finally, after considering the matter calmly and dispassionately, I realised the terrible truth—the stranger must have been a madman. Only an insane person could or would have made such an utterance. Clearly, I had been travelling with a maniac; possibly my own life had been in as much danger from my fellow-traveller as from the atmosphere in which I had travelled. I am content with stating the significant facts; let my readers form their own opinion.

In your current number (writes my friend Mr. I. Zangwill), I find Mr. Arnold White making the two following replies among others to your representative's questions. (1) "It is manifestly impossible, is it not, to call such men as Israel Zangwill and many others in arts, letters, philanthropy, degenerate?" (2) "Then there is the problem of the Jews in the East End. These present, perhaps, the greatest danger to the State. That undigested mass . . . affords no hope of useful citizens. Unlike the Huguenot settler . . . the Jew of the East End remains separate, and produces only the potential middleman of the next generation." To which let me add (3), I am the son of an East End Jew.

I am requested by the London Motor-Van and Waggon Company, Limited, to state that I have been misinformed by one of my correspondents in last week's issue as to the Shaftesbury Theatre motor-car having from time to time seriously come to grief. My friends of the Motor-Car Company are evidently very anxious to insist upon it that their cars never do come to grief. I am glad to hear it, and the more this is proved the better for all of us.

Perhaps the most go-ahead—if such a term be permissible—church in London is St. John the Divine, Vassall Road, Brixton. Here lately, in the Parochial Hall, a series of tableaux illustrating the Story of Bethlehem have been given, the Vicar, the Rev. C. E. Brooke, acting as Joseph, and fourteen white-robed young ladies as chorus. When the curtain rose, the Rev. A. Deedes, in white garments and wearing a crown, and surrounded by the aforesaid fairies, read the explanatory narrative, and then came the eleven tableaux. The gorgeousness of the spectacular accessories and scenic decorations, it is said, "far excelled many of the attempts of well-appointed but profane temples of the drama." Over three thousand applications for tickets were received.



A CLEVER CAT BRINGS HOME A RAT FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

*Photo by Newman, Great Berkhamstead.*



Mr. E. V. Lucas, who has edited so admirable an Anthology of Children's Verse for Mr. Grant Richards, and has written a delightful children's story-book, "The Flamp," is on the staff of the *Academy*, and has written Saturday's "Literary Gossip" for the *Globe* since



MR. E. V. LUCAS.

August 1893. Mr. Lucas, who is just nine-and-twenty, is editing a number of new letters of Lamb and his friends for Messrs. Smith and Elder. He is one of the most promising of our younger men of letters.

I stumbled across certain strange recipes the other day when dipping into the pages of an elderly volume, recipes culled from the works of a Frenchman, one M. Debuy. The victims of hot rooms, the votaries of pleasure whose complexions have ceased to dazzle, will learn with delight that a wash of "frai de grenouilles" restores both colour and brilliancy! To obtain that much-coveted condition of the epidermis, a "velvety bloom," I find a wash of calves' or turtles' feet is recommended. This treatment, if not heroic, is aldermanic, and the result one would have imagined as shiny rather than velvety, but doubtless M. Debuy knows—or knew, for I fear he must be gathered to his fathers—what he is talking about. As to the hair, you simply make an infusion of the tops of hemp, dip in your comb, and comb away for a fortnight—the results would surprise even those long-haired ladies who sit in our shop-windows. Last of all, let me tell my fair readers the sort of bath in which they are to lave their lovely limbs: "Beat into a pulp twenty pounds of strawberries and two pounds of raspberries," add warm water, and sit in the mess for at least an hour. The result will be, I should imagine, "real jam."

I have received the following charming note from the dainty little girl who brings Cinderella-her slippers in the pantomime at the Garrick Theatre. I hope to publish other portraits of Miss Moxter many a time as the years roll on and she becomes more and more at home on the stage—

DEAR *Sketch*,—I thank you very much for putting such a nice little notice and my pictures in your paper. Wishing you a very happy New Year, with kind regards, Yours lovingly,

ELSA L. MOXTER.

The "Annals of Duddingston and Portobello," the title of a volume shortly to be issued, should make interesting reading. The little village of Duddingston, situated at the south-eastern base of Arthur's Seat, has a certain association with Walter Scott, for in its picturesquely situated and quaint little church, with Craigmillar Castle some little distance to the south, and the deep, dark waters of Duddingston Loch in its immediate rear, the "Wizard of the North" is reputed to have been for a short period, during the incumbency of John Thomson, the eminent landscape-painter, an office-bearer. The church is perhaps the only one in the country that still retains a curious relic of a bygone age—an iron ring affixed to its walls, where the village termagants were made to do

penance. Near the front door of the church can still be seen the "loupin'-stance," by means of which, in pre-railway days, the parishioners were enabled with ease to mount their steeds. It was at Portobello—Edinburgh by the Sea—it might be recalled, that Hugh Miller resided for some time, and the house in which he ended his career remains in much the same condition as in 1856.

According to the *Indian Daily News*, of Calcutta, these are the papers that are read in that city. I am glad to see my young friend and comrade *Pick-Me-Up* in such a good position, but I do not call it quite an adequate test for the *Illustrated London News* and *Sketch*, because these and many other of the more expensive journals named in the list are sent largely by post to individuals, and the post-offices and not the circulating libraries or the newspaper-stalls would be the best means of discovering the periodical literature which is disseminated in India.

Calcutta is not a city given over to high thinking and low living. It is, if anything, given to high living; but we are unable to express an opinion as to the thinking. Its literary needs, however, as disclosed by the papers asked for at Weldon's well-known circulating library, reveal some curious facts, the chief of which is that the ordinary inhabitant of Calcutta takes his chief pleasure in reading *Ally Sloper*, of which he devours nearly four times as many copies as he does of the *Graphic*. Next to *Ally Sloper* comes the *Police News*, and then *Tit-Bits*. A long way behind these come *Answers*, *Pick-Me-Up*, and *Illustrated Bits*. *Black and White*, *Graphic*, and the *Illustrated London News* come next in a solid group, but far behind, while last come *Punch*, *The Sketch*, *Queen*, and *Truth*. *Ally Sloper*'s is hardly a fine character; he entirely lacks the earnestness, perhaps fortunately, of John Storm; but Miss Sloper, though she has a charm of her own, is not so beautiful as Miss Quayle. She must be getting rather old, though, now. As far as our recollections, which are very dim, go (for unfortunately *Ally Sloper* is not in our library), Iky Mo, the devoted friend and companion of *Ally Sloper*, is dead.

Mr. Arthur Humphreys, the enterprising publisher and bookseller of Piccadilly, clearly does not believe in that interesting organisation, the Omar Kháyyám Club, judging by one of a set of verses he contributes to his ever-entertaining catalogue, issued monthly under the title of "The Books of the Day"—

There was an old person of Ham  
Who wearied of Omar Kháyyám.

"FitzGerald," said he,

"Is as right as can be;

But this Club, and these 'versions'—O dam!"

The death of Mr. Stacy Marks, which occurred last Sunday week, at the age of sixty-eight, removes an artist who had got hold of the popular imagination to such an extent that his autobiography was eagerly read. He had been exhibiting at the Academy since 1853, being elected an Associate in 1871 and a full Academician in 1878, and his famous storks were known by all his countrymen. He held his opinions tenaciously, and detested the black-and-white reproductions of exhibited pictures.



MR. STACY MARKS, R.A.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



With the coming of 1898 Mrs. Keeley has entered her ninety-third year, for she was born on Nov. 22, 1805. I think it is her great good-humour and optimism that keeps her so bright. She is quite in touch



MRS. KEELEY AND MR. ALFRED CALMOUR.

Copyright Photo by Vernon Kaye, Onslow Place, S.W.

with the drama of the day, and watches the efforts of young players with keen interest. Among her friends she counts Mr. Alfred Calmour, the dramatist.

The proof of the success of "The Little Minister" is shown by the long queue to be found waiting every night at the Haymarket, despite the cold. To those who know to whom the book appealed most, there is a subtle irony in the transformation of it into a capital farce for a public that has as much sympathy for the tyranny of Thrums' theology as for the barbarity of Nero. Thus, as I recall the third act, where Miss Winifred Emery comes into the Manse garden at night to lure the Little Minister (Mr. Cyril Maude) away from his prayer-meeting, I cast my idea in this familiar form—

Come into the garden, Maude,  
I am here with my lamp alone;  
Come into the garden, Maude—  
Though my visit may yet be known;  
For your elders watch when I walk abroad—  
Their manners are scarcely tone.  
I've sneaked through the weary wood,  
Tricked-out in a masquerade.  
'Twas hard, I allow, to delude  
My know-a-bit pert French maid;  
She thinks that the want of stockings is rude,  
And objects to my gipsy "plaid."  
Thrums thinks you're preparing a preach;  
I know you are penning a "pome"—  
You hunt for a figure of speech  
From the depths of your cranial dome;  
You write of me, dear, as a "blossom" or "peach,"  
When you ought to be reading a tome.  
Yet, Gavin, come down to me now;  
It's better than going to kirk.  
I'm nicer to speak to than Dow.  
Who glowers at your Babs like the mirk.  
It's hardly quite proper I freely allow,  
Yet duty is charming to shirk.  
I've ruined your peace, I'm aware;  
I've shaken the morals of Thrums;  
But yet, if you hadn't come into my snare,  
By archly pretending we're "chums,"  
The play would have vanished away in the air,  
And the box-office booking were crumbs.  
So come into the garden, Maude,  
Ere that dreary prayer-meeting begins;  
The parish will likely be awed  
At the depths of your terrible sins,  
But I'm sure that the mass of the public applaud—  
Though they're shocked by my stockingless shins.

Mr. W. Kinnaird Rose, who has left England for the Soudan as Reuter's "special," is likely to give as good an account of himself as he did in the spring of last year in a similar capacity in the Greco-Turkish campaign. During his sojourn—from 1885 till 1889—in Queensland, where he was editor of the *Brisbane Courier*, Mr. Kinnaird Rose was considered the smartest all-round pressman in the colony. After referring to his record as a "special," to the fact that he had two Russian war-medals, and was decorated by Skobelev for carrying water to the wounded under heavy fire, the *Courier* hit off his appearance and characteristics in this fashion—"Fairly tall man. Fairly heavy. Big nose. Old-gold beard. Scotch accent. Has written books, political, social, and technical. Well read; uncommonly volatile; capable of an amazing amount of work."

If it be true that the 21st Lancers—now at Cairo—are to go to the front, the regiment will be jubilant. Of course, any regiment would; but the 21st have a special reason, for they are the only regiment in the British Army that have no war distinction, or "honour." Raised from the East India Company's disbanded troops in 1861, they have seen much routine service, but have hitherto had no opportunity of showing their mettle in the field. Yet it may be doubted if a more efficient cavalry corps exists. The custom obtains that when a regiment goes on active service and gains its first "honour," then others are given it won by regiments of the same number disbanded, perhaps, many years before. So, in the case of the 5th Lancers and the 19th and 20th Hussars, after fighting in Egypt in the 'eighties, they received the distinctions of their predecessors disbanded some half-century before. The 5th and 20th, too, sent only detachments to Egypt, and not the whole regiment. What the "honours" accorded to the 21st will be—should they be fortunate enough to obtain them—seems a little doubtful.

There have been three earlier cavalry regiments of the same number; but the third was the only one to see war-service, and this was not quite of the usual character. It was formed at Doncaster in 1794, and in 1798 accompanied Abercromby to the West Indies, and served against Toussaint L'Ouverture as dismounted troops, but was mounted shortly after. Then it went to the Cape in 1806, then to the West Indies again, and then back to the Cape to serve against the Kaffirs. A detachment of the regiment acted as part of the guard over Napoleon at St. Helena, and it was disbanded at Chatham in 1820. The present 21st was raised as Light Dragoons, was made Hussars in the following year, and converted into Lancers only last year, perhaps with an eye to the coming campaign, the lance being a very effective weapon against such a foe as the Dervishes. In 1884 the 21st sent a small detachment to the Soudan to form part of the Light Camel Corps, and it may be remembered that one of its officers—the late Lieut.-Colonel Pigott—commanded the Mounted Infantry Camel Corps.

"The list of English Clubs in All Parts of the World" has improved this year, for pocket reference at least, by becoming oblong. It contains a great number of facts likely to be useful to travellers.



A PARISIAN ADMIRER OF "THE SKETCH."

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.





MISS MARGARET HALSTAN.

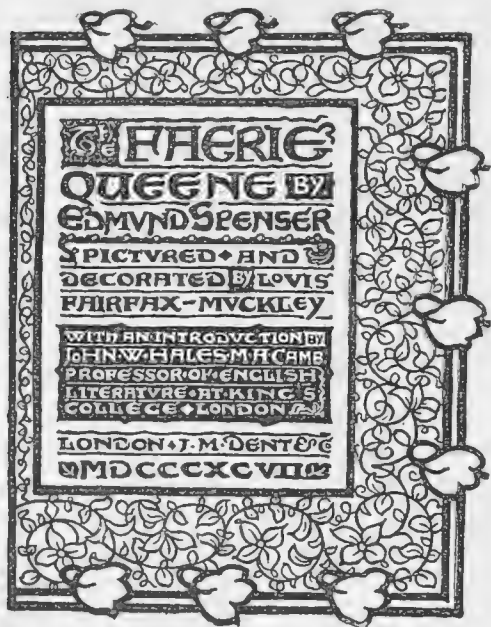
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



## THE POETS REPRINTED.\*

## TWO BOOKS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.\*

Every generation reads the classics created by its predecessors in editions of its own. The present generation not only has its own selective point of view, it also possesses an instinct for *format* so characteristic of current art notions that the entire range of our classics will be recast in a shape and form to suit the demands of the modern reader. No firm has grasped the needs of the hour so clearly as Messrs. Dent. Hence, beginning at the sources of English verse, they have completed in two very handsome volumes their edition of the "Faerie Queene," of which only 350 copies have been printed, a hundred of them on hand-made



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE TITLE-PAGE  
OF MESSRS. DENT'S SPENSER.

to be fascinated by the mere stories which the poem tells. They are greatly enhanced by Mr. Walker's drawings. The book is nicely printed by Ballantyne, and shows that Messrs. Gardner, Darton, and Co. are fully awake to keeping in step with the publishers who have improved their *format*. Mr. Walter Crane is at home in adorning Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar," those quaint "æglogues proportionable to the twelve months, entitled to the noble and virtuous gentleman, most worthy of all titles both of learning and chivalry, Master Philip Sidney." Mr. Crane's work in this volume is very beautiful. The volume is handsomely printed on thick paper for the Harpers at the Chiswick Press.

The season has resulted in two editions of Keats, each with its own value. The smaller is issued by Messrs. Dent in their "Lyric Poets Series." Mr. Ernest Rhys contributes a brief introduction and prefaces each poem with a succinct explanatory note, for many of which he is indebted to Lord Houghton, Mr. Buxton Forman, and Mr. Colvin. Much more ambitious is Messrs. Bell's edition in their "Endymion Series." Its real justification is less the preface by Professor Raleigh than the designs by Mr. Anning Bell, which the Chiswick Press have printed with care and appreciation. In pure line-work Mr. Anning Bell has a peculiar knack in indicating substance, and his admirers will gladly add the present volume to their collection of his work. The "Muses' Library" edition of Coleridge is very handy, and has the advantage of Dr. Garnett's rare editorial skill, although nothing new is likely to follow the exhaustive work of the late Mr. Dykes Campbell.

Apart from *format*, the one reprint of the lot for which there was a crying need is Canon Ainger's edition of Hood in the "Eversley Series." Canon Ainger devotes the first volume to Hood's serious work, including "Miss Kelmansegg" therein; the second to his poems of wit and humour. The prefatory memoir is lengthy without being over-elaborated, and it is written with a discriminating appreciation of Hood's peculiar claim on the memory of posterity. A curious point is made by Canon Ainger when he speaks of the most "pathetic pun in the language," which was used by Hood in "The Song of the Shirt"—

While underneath the caves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show their sunny backs,  
And twit me with the spring.

Herein, he says, is sufficient answer to those who would question the legitimacy of this form of wit in the hands of genius. This, indeed, is the ideal edition of Hood in the market, and cannot be superseded for many a long day to come.

\* "The Faerie Queene." By Edmund Spenser. Pictured and Decorated by Louis Fairfax Muckley. London: Dent.  
"The Shepherd's Calendar." By Edmund Spenser, with Pictures by Walter Crane. London: Harper.  
"The Lyric Poems of Keats." Edited by Ernest Rhys. London: Dent.  
"Poems." By John Keats. Illustrated by Robert Anning Bell, and Introduced by Walter Raleigh Bell.  
"The Poetry of Samuel Taylor Coleridge." Edited by Richard Garnett, C.B. London: Lawrence and Bullen.  
"Poems by Thomas Hood." Edited by Alfred Ainger. London: Macmillan.

Neither Mr. Gosse nor Mr. Graham has anything really illuminating or really new to say on English literature. Mr. Stopford Brooke produced a primer which was in its way unique, even a work of genius. He contrived in very short space to give the average reader a clear prospect of our great literature, and, though so limited in scope, he said consistently the right thing. His little book did what he intended that it should do; it allured the reader to embark on a more extensive study of literature, having had at first so sweet a sip of it. The book of Mr. Gosse strikes one as the work of an extremely facile and full man of letters, but lacking either authority or charm. His judgments are, in short, the clever dicta of an omnivorous reader, rather than the decisive opinions of an original thinker. In the first place, why does he call his book a history of modern English literature, and yet start from the year 1350? If Chaucer, who forms the opening study of the volume, is modern, what author can be called a representative of old English? Mr. Gosse says, "We may well begin the study of modern literature from the approximate date of the recognition of English as the language of England." The English language, and, indeed, English literature, may be said to begin about the year 1350, but why the term "modern"? Surely "modern" English literature can scarcely be said to begin much further back than the era of Wordsworth, when a new and, what we may term, modern spirit was really introduced. On the question of Shakspeare's plays I am on one or two points at issue with Mr. Gosse. He says, for instance, discussing how far a foreign hand can be traced in them, "If the versetester comes probing in Macbeth for bits of Webster, we send him packing about his business." While far from saying that the influence of Webster particularly is to be traced in Macbeth, one would like to ask Mr. Gosse whether there is not the suspicion of another hand in such lines as the following—

Now o'er the one half world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings, and withered Murder,  
Alarumed by his sentinel the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design  
Moves like a ghost.

Is it possible to find a piece of more hollow and theatrical verse than this in all the Elizabethan writers? The kind of image is essentially Websterian, but Webster would have written with greater reticence. On the subject of "Paradise Lost," Mr. Gosse has something very sensible to say. He points out that, though this poem is called a "Puritan" poem, much of the finest poetry would be of a kind that no Puritan would tolerate. He, in fact, sums up Milton's position excellently by saying that "among Puritans he was an artist, and yet among artists a Puritan." Mr. Gosse repeats the old cant about Byron never contriving to be an artist. But if the maker of such verse as is to be found in "The Vision of Judgment" and "Don Juan" is not in his way a superb artist, where are we to look for one? Excellent, however, is the author's description of "In Memoriam," as "a disjointed edifice, with exquisitely carved chambers, and echoing corridors that lead to nothing." In the extraordinary burst of praise which we have lately heard about the Tennysonian poetry, it is as well to point out that Tennyson was quite incapable of that severe and prolonged flight of imagination which could entitle him to rank with such poets as Milton or Dante. Mr. Gosse usually contrives to interest, but it is the kind of interest which we derive from a smart or brilliant leading article rather than the deep impression produced by a real intellect or fervid genius.

Mr. Graham's book on Victorian Literature is chiefly interesting because it brings literature up to our very doors, and contains criticism, almost always sound, of the newest contemporary names. His criticism, perhaps, of certain modern writers is rather colourless. For instance, he might have pointed out that Mr. Andrew Lang, though he has a certain gift of supercilious and fugitive elegance, was never for a moment inside his story in "The Monk of Fife." It was a highly creditable and painstaking study, but without one breath of real life or flavour. Mr. Graham is sparing in his praise of "The Master of Ballantrae," but rightly also comes to the conclusion that "Weir of Hermiston" is the very best of Stevenson's works, and that the fact that he was not allowed to finish it is one of the most pathetic in literary annals. Of Carlyle and Froude the author has nothing specially new or stimulating to say. It is rather when he comes to more virgin soil that he chiefly interests. He passes shortly in review several modern poets, on whom posterity will pass its verdict, but who have not yet been at all definitely summed up. He expresses a very general fear with regard to Mr. Watson "lest the critical and reflective mood should crush out impulse." With regard to Mr. Davidson, it seems strange that no one has pointed out that, interesting as are his themes, he has never yet begun to write poetry. He reports excellently what he sees, but he is unaware that there is a further process to be gone through, by which his emotions and experiences are translated into imperishable words. This process is usually termed "poetry." Mr. Graham is quite just to Sir Lewis Morris, but to call Coventry Patmore merely "the laureate of the home" is unsatisfying criticism. The author also gives expression to the fear that Mr. Thompson's later poems have added little to his reputation. On the whole, the book is decidedly up to date, and a very fair reflex of contemporary opinion. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

\* "Modern English Literature." By Edmund Gosse. London: Heinemann.  
"The Masters of Victorian Literature." By Richard D. Graham. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.





*In Etzel's Hall, where the Nibelungen appear at the royal feast in complete armour, the strife incited by Chriemhild begins.—CARLYLE.*

## A LADY OF FRANCE IN SCOTLAND.\*

If Scots care at all to see themselves as others see them, the sumptuous volume in which Marie Anne de Bovet gives her impressions of Scotland



A HIGHLAND PIPER.  
From "L'Ecosse."

will interest and may edify that large section of the population which can read French. No one can fail to admire at least the get-up of the volume. It is exquisitely printed and bound, and contains as many as 167 illustrations. These illustrations put to shame the "sloppy" work so often done at home. Most of them are reproduced in wood from the water-colour drawings of M. G. Vuillier, and they are engraved by some of the best French artists.

One's regret at the injury recently done to the Fall of Foyers is increased by the picture of "La Cascade," in all its beauty, which forms the frontispiece. Mdlle. de Bovet made a long tour in Scotland, and her rambles in every direction have been illustrated not only by landscape pictures, for which in some cases the works of Scottish photographers have been used, but also by sketches of notable figures. The picture of *un joueur de pibroch*, which is reproduced, is one of many graphic sketches made by M. Vuillier in the Highlands. Another is the picture of lake and wood and hill *auprès de Blairgowrie*, which admirably expresses the romantic charm so keenly felt by the French traveller. She looks, indeed, at Scotland with eyes

trained by Sir Walter Scott. To her it is a land of romance discovered—if not invented—by that magician. She begins at Abbotsford, and incidents and scenes reminiscent of the Waverley novels never fail to excite her interest. To some extent also her *souvenirs et impressions* are coloured by sympathy with Mary Stuart. Mdlle. de Bovet leaves John Knox to God's merciful judgment. From herself it is evident he could hope for little. In Holyrood she is full of tender memories of the beautiful Queen. When she sees a certain bed, she exclaims that it was under this that Chastelard was surprised by Mary. To a crime of this sort, she tells us, a woman is indulgent! Mary pardoned him, and the Queen banished him—an ingenious distinction!—but Chastelard repeated his audacious attempt, and the grand-nephew of Bayard went to the scaffold with a smiling and superb intrepidity which provoked the admiration of John Knox himself. Edinburgh excited in Mdlle. de Bovet mixed feelings. The modern town, with its numerous statues—works of excellent sentiment but mediocre art—she found prodigiously wearisome, but the high town appealed to her taste for the historical and picturesque. She was delighted also with a parade of the Highlanders. I love those Highlanders, she confesses, with their amusing costume—so martial as it is, in spite of the feminine details of the plaited petticoat; and she likens them to walls in defence and wild cats in attack. It is funny to see Auld Reekie in its French guise as "la Vieille Enfumée," and to read of the *Porte aux Vaches* and the *Marché aux Herbes*. At St. Andrews Mdlle. de Bovet saw *le jeu de golf*. She describes the game accurately, and declares it is more varied and less banal than tennis, but holds out no hope of its captivating the French. At the same time, for the correction of those who imagine that love of sport signifies mental deterioration, she points to that enthusiastic adept of golf, Mr. Arthur Balfour, who is not only a statesman of high rank, but "un lettré délicat, philosophe, humaniste et esthète, sans parler de son esprit, des plus fins et des plus charmants." Mdlle. de Bovet was greatly interested in a Volunteer camp in Perthshire, where she attended divine service—dominating with her voice the incoherent singing—breakfasted in camp with the Marquis of Breadalbane, and witnessed a review, concerning which she is pleased to say that the march-past was quite correct. Her impressions of Scotland are wonderfully agreeable. She seems to have been annoyed only by the slowness and lateness of the Highland trains and by the extortionate charges of the Highland hotelkeepers. She boasts, however, of having outwitted a hotelkeeper in Dunkeld, and thereby avenged the woes of many travellers. The dull, severe life of the people also threatened at times in her experience to dispel the spirit of romance. Morven having recalled the author of "Don Juan," she mentions that Byron was a Scot through his mother, and then exclaims, "Comme cela lui ressemble peu!" She might have been less astonished if she had known that Mrs. Byron's family, the Gordons, originally came from France, and have been actuated throughout their extraordinary career by the very qualities which distinguish the French. There are naturally some slips in the volume, but these are trifling, and one is amazed rather at the accuracy of the author's information. The book is dedicated to Lord Dufferin. He may well be proud of it. After all, Mdlle. de Bovet's volume will retain its highest value as a picture-book, for no better illustrations of the scenery of Scotland have appeared for many years.



NEAR BLAIRGOWRIE.  
From "L'Ecosse."

\* "L'Ecosse." By Marie Anne de Bovet. Paris: Librairie H. Chette et Cie.



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MRS. COTTENHAM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W.

## LADY PROBYN'S JAPS.

The lovely quartette of Japanese spaniels owned by Lady Probyn may be considered among the most perfect specimens of their kind in England. Visitors to the show of the Ladies' Kennel Association held in the June of 1896 at Holland Park will long remember the beautiful



FROM THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.  
JAPANESE SPANIELS: MARU, HISA, AND FUKU.

The property of Lady Probyn.

*Painted by Miss Maul Earl, and Exhibited at the Graves Galleries, Pall Mall, S.W.*

team which her ladyship led into the ring there, and which deservedly won the team prize, as well as many other honours. Maru, the largest of these tiny beauties, is between six and seven pounds in weight. He has a magnificent coat, beautifully marked and feathered, with a superb chrysanthemum tail. Like his three companions, he is an imported dog, having been brought over from Tokio when about a year and a half old. When he first arrived in this country he simply "went" for every English man or woman who ventured to look at him, but since then he has condescended to make many friends; to his mistress he is devoted, and certainly the affection is reciprocated. He won the first in the open class of dogs over six pounds in weight at the Holland Park Show. Fuku, under six pounds in weight, is another very handsome little dog, grandly marked and feathered, and with the much-admired falling-over tail in perfection; his coat is remarkably heavy and silky. He is a good-tempered, merry little fellow, and has made many devoted friends in his happy home in England. At Holland Park he took the second prize in the open class for dogs under six pounds in weight, premier honours falling to the famous Champion Dai Butzen. Hisa, the smallest of the four, weighs only three pounds and a half, but, as far as self-importance goes, she might weigh down an elephant. She is a most fascinating little dog—a combination of good-temper, self-will, and obstinacy, as are all Japs. She loves an exalted position, and insists on admiration and attention from everyone in whose company she finds herself. At Holland Park, besides other prizes, she took the premiership and the Challenge Bracelet from the corresponding winner of the premiership for dogs—Dai Butzen. Dearest to the heart of Lady Probyn is the blind Yum-Yum, her affliction and her gentle, winning ways making her a special favourite. She, to a great extent, lost her sight on her voyage to England from Japan, and soon after became totally blind. She is about twelve years old, having been imported in 1889. She is full of intelligence, and, in spite of her blindness, always knows when Lady Probyn is dressing for a drive, and is ready and waiting at the hall-door for her mistress. Her life has been an exceptionally happy one; she has been exempted

from the ordeal of the show-bench. She is very affectionate and good-tempered, and it is quite touching to see her pleasure when she is noticed. Lady Probyn's beautiful home, Park House, Sandringham, in Norfolk, is an Elsyium for all her pet animals.

## THE EVERLASTING IRONIES.

When the grey-haired everlasting Ironies were young—but are they not young still? Surely they do but wear masks of crabbed age over faces fair with immortal youth—surely the buskined feet that stand so still in the press are young feet yet, and the laughter that comes from their hidden lips is the cruel laughter of youth? The Immortals have all gone up Olympus' side, and the mortals go and come and write sonnets to Helen's eyebrows and pantoums to the Bona Dea; but the Ironies abide and observe and wear green instead of grey. And at the cross-roads, where blackcocks were sacrificed to pure Diana, modern Dianas flash by on shining wheels, wearing divided skirts instead of chiton and tunic; and other Dianas go a-bathing in the sweet waters of the sea, watched by bold Actæons who have not the fear of god nor goddess before their eyes; and on the beach stands a paterfamilias, gules, rampant, garbed sable, and dentated or, all proper, devising a letter to an important daily paper. And behind him, though not visible to the punning herald, stand the Ironies, neither proper nor rampant, but regardant. Attendant of old on the desperate search of Ceres for her daughter throughout the Catanian plains, they attend now upon the search of the professional chaperon for a likely chaperonee, and they witness as tranquilly the midnight-oiled labour of Bill Sikes and the last new decadent. Nothing comes amiss to their sublime and sinister patience: the runaway match of Jehu and Dives' daughter, or the wanderings of Alice out of Wonderland into a committee-room full of golden guinea-pigs with many initials. Are they not also of the company of the Golden Girl and of Æsop, and were they not auditors of hymns to Ægir and the last dying speech and confessions of—Claude Duval, Socrates, and Swift? Not Duessa's duplicity alarms the Ironies, nor are they to be dismayed by the greed of Arsinoë and Alexander, though one demand undiscoverable cats and the other a world that was the due of Erik, Vespucci, Columbus, St. Brendan, and Robinson Crusoe, to name only a few claimants. Nay, nor will grace and gentleness appease them, for they have claimed for their own the shoe of Cinderella, and laid inside it the beauty of Mary of Scotland, the virtue of English Elizabeth, the sins of Richard Crookback, and a pinch of fragrant dust from a mummy-case that once held Cleopatra—or was it Hatshepsu? The Ironies make no comparisons; they take as much care for the good fame of Penelope as they do for the wisdom of Queen Anne, and if they do not forget that Don Juan was a thief, they remember also that Xanthippe was a shrew, and Alcibiades a dandy, and Esmond "the portrait of a gentleman." As for the rest, it may go hang for the Ironies! To their sieves come all reputations, and perhaps the dust of Alexander and the dust of Lalage and Alice Perrers and Joan of Arc are not to be distinguished when they whiten the feet of the Ironies.—NORA HOPPER.



LADY PROBYN'S JAPANESE SPANIELS.

*From a Painting by Miss Fairman.*



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

## MILLAIS AND HIS WORK

Among all the English painters of this century Millais will always remain as one of the most engrossing and peculiar problems. There are probably very few cases, if any at all, of a boy displaying so singular a precocity for art at so early an age. In the exhibition of his works now being held at the Royal Academy there hangs a sheet of drawings which were made by him when he was barely seven years old, and it is an amazing experience to note how completely that young eye had caught the proportion of part with part in its observation of external life, the inability to accomplish which feat is the most conspicuous failing of the young. It may be that a horse's legs are not drawn with complete accuracy, but you will always find that the same legs are of an exactly accurate proportion in relation to the body of the horse. Born, then, in 1829, he was admitted at the age of eleven as a student of the Royal Academy, and when he was eighteen he obtained the gold medal for a Historical Painting. Before, however, attaining to this point in his career, he had exhibited at the Royal Academy, and at the age of nineteen he joined the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. In the following year he exhibited "Lorenzo and Isabella."

This picture is, perhaps, the culminating point of one among the three distinct careers which one must always associate with the name of Millais. If he had been working for an average lifetime over the attainment of a certain ideal, and had in the final upward reach of his genius produced such a work as "Lorenzo and Isabella," there would be nothing much to be surprised at. The astonishing, the baffling thing is that this self-contained, complete, self-sufficing work was the production of a boy of twenty, who, by sheer force of genius, had stolen the heart out of the ideal he was then aiming at, and had painted therewith a work of overpowering beauty and finish in that hour of fervour. The character of this picture is its greatest achievement. There is not a point, not a line, not a shade, in which the painter betrays the smallest weakness, the slightest failing of hand, eye, or creative power. The colouring is gorgeous and glowing in the perfections of its harmonies. There will be many to whom, as to Mr. Ruskin, this period of Millais' career is the most satisfactory. Three years later, in 1852, he exhibited that most beautiful picture "Ophelia," in which the Pre-Raphaelite doctrines live their completest moment of justification. In all the pictures of this period one is particularly struck by the almost passionate laboriousness which has gone to build up the beautiful effect; and yet you never seem to feel that the pictures are really overworked once you accept the convention in which they are painted; and assuredly their beauty excuses the convention, if, indeed, it required any excuse. Of this time, but somewhat earlier than the "Ophelia," are the all but perfect "Christ in the House of His Parents," the gravely beautiful "Ferdinand Lured by Ariel," and the somewhat later "Portrait of John Ruskin, Esq."

Then comes a somewhat strange phase in the young man's work. A kind of worldly interest—one does not use the word in any cant sense—is seen to creep into it. He still retains the same carefulness, the same pains are still there, but a more sentimental subject, a more un-austere outlook upon life have begun to fascinate him. Take, for example, "A Random Shot," painted in 1855. The subject is frankly melodramatic. It is the picture of a child, covered with a soldier's tunic, lying asleep on an alabaster tomb, with its right arm wounded and bound up. Through the windows of the church where the incident takes place you see soldiers firing in the background. Here it is obvious that the painter has left the fields of "Lorenzo and Isabella," of "Mariana of the Moated Grange," of "Ophelia," and of "The Tempest" for a more modern and human subject; but all the old cunning is there. The painting of cloth in the tunic, the contrast between the living child and the dead marble, and the beauty of the colour as a whole, give it a right to be called masterly. To the following year, 1856, belongs the

well-known "Conclusion of Peace," in which a subject which lends itself to the cheapest sort of sentiment is redeemed by the absolute ease of the master's hand in the drawing and in the finish of the details. Even the copy of the *Times*, which can never under any circumstances be beautiful, is made extraordinarily interesting by the cleverness and skill with which it is so minutely drawn. So much for the fifties. As Millais approached the end of that decade, the influence of the Pre-Raphaelite movement began to fade quite away. Gradually the old intensity of carefulness, which actually seemed to fill him like a passion, gave place to a freer and broader style. He was, in fact, putting himself to school and instructing himself in a new manner.

For a time the results were certainly of somewhat doubtful success. In 1860, indeed, he gave "The Black Brunswicker" to the world; but there was still much of the old Millais there, particularly in the magnificent relation of the wall-engraving of Napoleon to the living picture of the parting lovers, a feat which always reminds one a little

of Hamlet's play within the play. But take, if you will, the picture, "Charlie is My Darling," painted in 1864; it is almost incredible to think that the Millais who fifteen years before had painted those magnificent faces of the dining group in "Lorenzo and Isabella" could have been capable of the almost oppressive weakness of the drawing of this face. Take, again, "The Romans Leaving Britain" of 1865; the painting of this sea is below the mark of Millais' own inferior imitators, and the central group is both weak in conception and common in the carrying out. The "Rosalind and Celia" of 1868, again, makes one pause with astonishment. If there is one quality more than another which will distinguish Millais in the technical side of his art, it is his splendid draughtsmanship. Yet in this picture even the drawing is weak. But perhaps he reached the nadir of this deplorable period in "A Widow's Mite" (1870), which is described in the catalogue as "three-quarter figure of a young woman, in widow's dress, carrying a milliner's box slung over her left arm, and dropping a coin into the collecting-box of a hospital." The carrying out of the work is worthy of its sentiment, and the colour, the purples of the face particularly, atrocious.

Then gradually he shook off this weakness and put on the strength of the new style after which he had been striving. The "Portrait of Mrs. Heugh," exhibited in 1872, is a splendid bit of man-of-the-world work, with its keen insight and acute

observation; and the drawing is restored to its former excellence. His famous landscape, "Chill October," is dated 1870 and is full of character. From this time forward he had no hesitations or trouble. His portraits were nearly always good, the "Newman," for example, of 1881, which is fine, broad, masterly work, no less than the "Tennyson" of the same date. He had his failures, and he perhaps never produced a masterpiece in landscape in his latest manner. His later subject-pictures, particularly the "Speak! Speak!" of 1895, often had great success, and he remained to the last an emphatically popular painter. His output was vast; but one may be permitted to doubt if his final work was worthy of that curiously splendid romance which hovers around his artistic productions of the time when he was a lad of from nineteen to eight-and-twenty.

## "GLAUKE ET THALÉIA."

M. P. A. Laurens, winner of the First Class Medal for 1897 at the Paris Salon, whose prize picture, "Glauke et Thaléia," is at present on view at the Continental Gallery, New Bond Street, is a Parisian by birth. He has studied under Cormon and Benjamin Constant, and has had a distinguished career as a student. In 1891 he gained Honourable Mention, in 1893 a medal of the Third Class, and in the same year was elected to a travelling scholarship. His last year's picture, which has attracted a great deal of favourable notice, is remarkable for originality of treatment and poetic feeling.



GLAUKE ET THALÉIA.—P. A. LAURENS.

Exhibited at the Continental Gallery, New Bond Street, W.

## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

The world, says Shakspeare, is still deceived with ornament. But this deception is nothing to the vagaries of honest minds in the way of self-persuasion. Here is a man convinced that his hand is guided by a spirit, who makes him write down ideas which are not his own, expound schemes he has never dreamt of, describe the life in the next world, and answer the objections raised by his conscious intelligence. Mr. Stead takes a pen which "Julia" directs in this mysterious way, and he calmly assures us that her "Letters" have emanated from her mind, not from his. Mr. Grant Richards has published them in a dainty volume with a frontispiece representing a rosary. You give the book to a friend, who is henceforth entitled to write "C. R." after his name—Companion of the Rosary—an Order instituted by Mr. Stead with the idea that every bead is a friend, and that when you tell your beads of a morning you think of all the comrades of your soul, and so are sustained for the day's well-doing. It is a charming fancy which gives to the wildest eccentricity of Mr. Stead a pleasing bloom of sincerity.

But can anyone who has studied this singular man of genius read these "Letters from Julia" without perceiving Mr. Stead's authorship on every page? "Julia" tells him that the spirits are quite excited about the Jubilee; oddly enough, their views of that historic event coincide with his. "Julia" is no theologian. When Mr. Stead asks a question about the Divinity of Christ, she objects to be bothered with "scholasticisms." What has he done all his life but pool-pool dogmas? The Churches, she says, are all wrong in their ideas of what makes a valid claim to happiness in the future state. When was Mr. Stead of a different opinion? Has he not devoted the time he could spare from the correction of statesmen to the education of pontiffs? "Julia" says the spirits are longing to instruct the living through the medium of a "bureau of communication." Who but Mr. Stead would think of Mowbray House as a General Post Office for celestial parts, and of heaven as a continuation of Norfolk Street, Strand? When the spirit leaves the body, it is met by a guardian angel. "Julia" is not sure whether her angel is male or female, but inclines towards the feminine predominance. When was Mr. Stead indisposed to yield this palm of virtue to womanhood? Theosophists say that before you can see spirits you must mortify the flesh till you can scarcely keep body and soul together. "Julia" recommends soap as an aid to discerning saintliness; and as for diet, she does not even preach vegetarianism. Could anything be more characteristic of Mr. Stead? Roast mutton, tobacco, wifely affection: we may enjoy these things, and still become proficient in the science of celestial optics.

Being no ascetic, Mr. Stead has humour; but its operations are not always clear to him. He thinks that because he interrupts "Julia" with doubts and questionings, her intelligence must be distinct from his own. Sometimes his imagination is called to stand and deliver by his common sense; therefore they must belong to separate entities. It is an innocent and childlike delusion. Mr. Stead's imagination is rather disappointing. The guardian angel is a trifle antique. In the other life great criminals prove to be saints, and reputed saints turn out whited sepulchres. We have heard of this before. The ultimate judgment of men by what they were, not by what they seemed, is the common property of heaven-makers. Infant spirits grow up to a beautiful adolescence, and the aged are endowed with eternal youth. It needs no "Julia" to tell us that. Some facts about the routine of spirit-life would be interesting; but beyond remarking that she and her companions have "plenty to do," and that they love one another unspeakably, "Julia" is not communicative. She describes over and over again how she felt when she became a ghost, and how sad it was to revisit the bereaved and to be unable to make them see and hear; but you will find all that in any Christmas Number. There is the usual formula of the spiritualists—that we who are still confined in the earthly envelope cannot grasp the experience of the liberated soul; but as this explains why the spirit of Shakspeare or Milton raps out imbecile messages on tables in darkened rooms, it does not convince me that "Julia" has any perception of heaven beyond Mr. Stead's conjecture.

His invention, I say, is disappointing; but there is one happy fantasy, Celestial travel is as swift as thought. Like the man on the magic carpet in the Arabian story, "Julia" has only to wish herself in Mars, and she is there. The guardian angel—a glorified Mr. Cook—takes her on a pleasant tour through the solar system. But why does

the angel wear such needless appurtenances as wings? "They are scenic illusions," says the unabashed "Julia," as if she were describing a fairy ballet at Drury Lane. Moreover, like evening-dress on some mundane occasions, wings are "optional." A feminine spirit, with a delicate taste in feathers, would probably don a new pair if she were going to meet Mr. Stead at the "bureau." "Julia" is not very explicit on the subject of spiritual raiment. She says the soul is promptly robed in white when it quits its mortal tenement; but is there no choice of colours for wings? Do they take the place of millinery in the other world, and do ladies talk wings instead of chiffons? Unhappily, no vision of "Julia" in her best wings has yet been vouchsafed to Mr. Stead, though it has been hinted that, without any change of diet, and by dint of serious meditation in a quiet room with the shutters drawn, he may attain to this felicity. Has he tried and failed? Did he find it impossible to detach his mind from terrestrial things, and to spend a whole afternoon without thinking of Mr. Rhodes or Mr. Chamberlain? Or, has he expressed a desire to have his "automatic writing" inspired by another spirit, and has this made "Julia" jealous?

It cannot escape remark that, although she says many spirits would be glad to make use of Mr. Stead's accommodating hand, nothing has come of this. Why is "Julia" his only confidant of the unseen? I should have thought there would be such a rush of spirits to Mowbray House that Mr. Stead would be kept as busy as a telephone exchange. Perhaps "Julia" exaggerated the readiness of the souls to pour secrets of immortality into *Borderland*. They may find it more interesting to flit through the universe, spreading their scenic wings in the rays of innumerable suns. Perhaps "Julia" has the instinct of her sex for monopoly, and cannot share with others the privilege of intellectual converse with Mr. Stead. There is a suggestion of this in her warning that free social intercourse between the living and the dead might be pernicious for both. There are weak-minded people who have been accustomed to lean on stronger wills now removed by death; and if they could reopen communication with the departed, they would become more dependent than ever. This theory prompted the lucid intelligence of Mr. Stead to raise a doubt as to the propriety of the "bureau"; but "Julia" retorted by comparing him to the sceptical Didymus. Well, she may have satisfied him that she is an improving companion for a busy man; but what it can profit anyone else to read her "Letters" I do not know, except as a reminder that hallucinations are just as common to editors as they were to mediæval monks.

What is appropriate diction for a historical play dealing with Muscovy at the beginning of the eighteenth century? Mr. Laurence Irving has been criticised for the modern colloquialism of the dialogue in his remarkable drama, "Peter the Great." Peter is certainly very familiar with the slang of our beautiful tongue. He wants to know whether loving means "pottering round one another, and making one another birthday presents." He speaks with relish of having "a good drunk." This sounds very shocking in the mouth of such a potentate, and the critics have mildly censured Mr. Laurence Irving for making his diction inappropriate to the period. What is this blessed period? Peter is using English in 1718, the time of Addison. Do the critics expect him to deliver himself in the style of the *Spectator*? Would they have this wild, volcanic creature coo in the smooth and affable idioms of Sir Roger de Coverley? If it seems odd to hear the Tsar speaking the English slang of 1897, it would be grotesquely incongruous to make him talk like Addison. In dramas founded on our own history, it is right that the language of the period should be preserved. Our sense of historical fitness would be outraged if Nell Gwynn were to "wink the other eye" at Charles II. But Peter the Great, talking English prose on our stage, can have no such definite standard of speech. All the dramatist can do is to give the most striking equivalent of what he may conjecture to have been the native phrases of a prince whose boon companions were sluts and camp-followers. Peter enjoyed nothing so much as a debauch, and "a good drunk," I should say, is a racy translation of his Russian idiom for that entertainment.

Of course, he had other moods, rage, despair, exultant pride, intense conviction of patriotic duty. The brutal sot is suddenly transformed to the soldier, the statesman, the mighty Sovereign. I do not contend that Mr. Irving's diction is always equal to these transitions; if it were, it would be a masterpiece of dramatic literature. But he makes a praise-worthy effort to give his personages that simple, direct utterance which springs from the root of the matter, instead of the conventional rhetoric which disguises the absence of ideas. The model, no doubt, is Ibsen; an excellent model, not always free (as his translators must know) from incongruities that mar the illusion.



"THE GRAND DUCHESS," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN AS THE DUCHESS IN HER STATE ROBES, WITH HER PAGES

"THE GRAND DUCHESS," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



MISS FLORENCE PERRY AS WANDA, THE BETROTHED OF FRITZ.

*"I'm not in the vein for joking."*



"THE GRAND DUCHESS," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN AS A COMMANDER OF HUSSARS.

*"Soldiers! I'm simply mad about 'em, with their glitter, glow, and glance."*

"THE GRAND DUCHESS," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

*Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



MISS MILDRED BAKER, ONE OF THE MAIDS-OF-HONOUR.



THE AIDE-DE-CAMP (MR. HUMPHERY) WITH THE FAMOUS BROADSWORD.



THE DUCHESS AND PRINCE PAUL (MR. LYTTON).



THE PRINCE AND BARON PUCK (MR. ELTON).



## A FORGOTTEN WORTHY.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF SIR JOHN SHORTER, HIS PAGEANT, AND HIS KINDRED.

From "The Dictionary of National Biography," which has now attained to the letter S, the editor has in his wisdom excluded the name of the Right Hon. Sir John Shorter, Knight, sometime Lord Mayor of London,



SIR J. SHORTER'S GRANDDAUGHTER,  
LADY WALPOLE.

and a distinguished man in his day. True it is that Sir John's fame has not proved very enduring, but there is sufficient interest, incidental if not intrinsic, about the man to render him worthy of commemoration in these columns, even although he has been debarred from the Pantheon of "The Dictionary of National Biography."

Sir John Shorter was elected Lord Mayor in the year 1687, and his advancement to the civic chair was regarded as an event of no ordinary moment. Royalty in the person of James II. graced the celebration of Sir John's confirmation and entertainment, and the pageants for the occasion were so magnificent as to be illustrated by one Matthew Taubman in a special pamphlet, which is now exceedingly rare. The great doings of Oct. 29, 1687, were styled by Taubman "The Goldsmiths' Jubilee," for Sir John was of that worshipful company. Strange to say, the worshipful company have now forgotten his existence, for diligent inquiry of one of their prominent officials resulted only in the admission that the company had no knowledge on the subject. A member Sir John might have been, but he was certainly not a benefactor, and had, indeed, done nothing to earn the cognisance of goldsmithing posterity. Now this is surely inexplicable, for the aforesaid Matthew Taubman was encouraged by the company in his endeavour to perpetuate the memory of Sir John's inauguration. His title-page, as long-winded as the period could desire, runs as follows: "London's Triumph, or the Goldsmiths' Jubilee, performed on Saturday, October 29, 1687, for the Confirmation and Entertainment of the Rt. Hon. Sir John Shorter, Kt., Lord Mayor of the City of London. Containing a Description of the Several Pageants and Speeches made, proper to the Occasion, Together with a Song for the Entertainment of His Majesty, who, with his Royal Consort, the Queen Dowager, their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Denmark, and the whole Court, honour his Lordship this year with their presence. All set forth at the proper costs and charges of the Worshipful Company of GOLDSMITHS. By M. Taubman." &c.

Mr. Taubman, thereupon, sets out to dedicate his work to the new Lord Mayor. Mr. Taubman evidently took himself very seriously, for he tells Sir John, with singular lack of humour, that his advancement to the prætorial chair "may render you the object of our Wonder, but not our Envy, especially when it is considered it was your right some years before." It cannot be that Mr. Taubman is chaffing—his style is too heavy for that, although the printer's devil has ruined one grandiose simile by giving us a ship tossing upon "the driving Bellows" (*sic*).

He piously hopes, too, that his Lordship will give "the most Discerning Prince in the World . . . no less than reason to approve the Works of His own Hands." A second dedication, equally serious, follows, inscribed to the company itself. Verily Mr. Taubman is a very serious person to chronicle the joyous celebration which he describes as the "*ne plus ultra* of all entertainments."

The ceremonial of Sir John's great day opened at seven a.m., when the Masters of the Ceremonies assembled at the Goldsmiths' Hall, whence they proceeded to the Guildhall to meet the new Chief Magistrate. The old water pageant to Westminster followed, and, after the oaths had been administered, the company returned by Blackfriars Stairs to Guildhall. In Cheapside, against the Half-Moon, his lordship was entertained with the first scene or pageant. This exhibition took the form of a triumphal car on which was enthroned Astræa, Goddess of Justice, splendidly attired and surrounded by the cardinal virtues, Prudence, Temperance, Courage, and Concord, the latter bearing the banner of the Goldsmiths' Company. "His Lordship, taking a short survey of this surprising object," was saluted by Astræa in nine bombastic couplets. Thereafter was displayed the second pageant, "which is the Hieroglyphick of the Company," a workshop presided over by St. Dunstan, the tutelary patron of the society, surrounded by Orpheus, Amphion, the Cham of Tartary, and the Sultan. Artificers at work also graced the spectacle. St. Dunstan was also ready with eighteen lines for Sir John's delight, adulation, and comfort. The saint's concluding words read curiously when one reflects upon the strange end Sir John came by ere a year was over. Quoth the saint—

Nor need you fear the shipwreck of your cause. . . . Your patron shall the tameless rabble tame. Of the proud Cham I scorn to be afraid, I'll take the angry Sultan by the beard; Nay, should the Devil intrude among your foes— [Enter Devil. DEVIL. What then? ST. DUNSTAN. Snap, thus, I have him by the nose.

Poor Sir John! A day was rapidly approaching when he would need St. Dunstan and the cardinal virtue of Courage very sorely, though his enemy was not the tameless rabble, the Cham, the angry Sultan, or the Evil One. But of these things he recked not as he watched those and the following pageants—the full-rigged ship christened *The Unity of London*, and the Temple of Janus, wherein the Captain and Janus greeted him with more heroic pentameters. Their speeches, too, are curiously ominous. Said the Captain—

You shall subdue the foe's insulting rage; while Janus declares that he has assumed his double visage—

To show the Revolutions of this Year,  
In which you have a harder course to run  
Than when with infant time your course begun.

Sir John's year of office (1687-88) was, indeed, to be one of revolution. Before its course was run, the Lord Mayor was to encounter the last enemy of all, and St. Dunstan did not avail him at that pinch.

*Inscribed to Sir John Shorter  
29.10.1687. Coram me*  
*John Shorter  
Mayor*

SIR JOHN SHORTER'S SIGNATURE.



He beareth *per Saltire*, Or and Sable, a Border counterchanged, by the Name of *Shorter*; and is born by Sir John Shorter of the City of London; Knight and Alderman.

*Per Saltire*, Argent and Sable, a Border counterchanged, is born by Peter Gott of Grays-Inn in Middlesex, Gent.

SIR JOHN SHORTER'S ARMS.



SIR J. SHORTER'S GRANDSON-IN-LAW,  
SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.



LADY WALPOLE'S MONUMENT IN THE ABBEY.  
Photo by Bolas, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Sir John's end was sudden and unfortunate. On Aug. 24, 1688, on his way to open Bartholomew Fair, the Chief Magistrate, according to custom, stopped at Newgate to drink a tankard of ale with the keeper. Having drained the draught, Sir John let the lid of the tankard close with a sharp snap, at which sound his horse started and threw him. His injuries were so severe that he died on Sept. 4 following. He was buried on Sept. 11, in the Ladye Chapel of St. Saviour's, Southwark, where his wife, Isabella Birkhead, was laid beside him on Jan. 14, 1703.

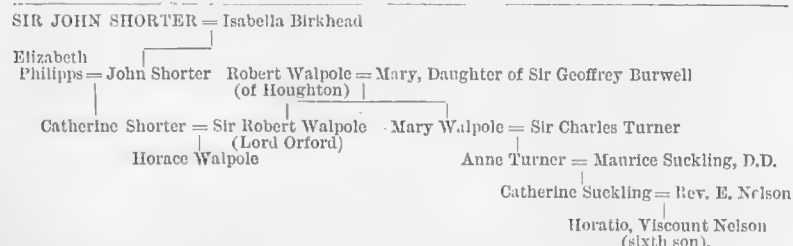


GOLDSMITHS' HALL.  
Photo by Bolas, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

No stone or inscription remains to mark the tomb, but in the burial register of St. Saviour's, kindly shown to the writer by Dr. Thompson, the Rector, the names of the Knight and Lady may still be read. The entries are quite simple, name and date being all that is recorded in each case. No particulars of birth, age, or parentage are given, although from another source, a scanty record at the Guildhall, we learn that Sir John was a Middlesex man. In 1675 he filled the office of Sheriff, along with Thomas Gold. It is not uninteresting to note that one of the clergy at St. Saviour's—the reverend gentleman, in fact, who, as the Rector's deputy, showed me the register—is a descendant of Sir John Shorter. He is connected with a branch of the family of which Dr. Goldworthy Shorter, of Hastings, is the chief representative and last of his name.

The years 1688-9 were disastrous for Lord Mayors. From September 1688 to March 1689 no fewer than four dignitaries passed the civic chair. Persons unaware of this constant change and of the precise date of Shorter's death have sometimes connected him with the Lord Mayor mentioned (though not by name) in Macaulay's history as the magistrate who died of fright when Judge Jeffreys, disguised as a coal-heaver, was brought before him. As a matter of fact, it was Sir John Chapman who thus perished. Chapman took office in October 1688, the vacancy from Sept. 4 having been filled by Sir John Eyles, appointed by the Crown. On March 17, 1689, Chapman died, and was succeeded by Sir Thomas Pilkington.

If Sir John Shorter is not himself of the immortals, he is at least connected with some of them. His granddaughter, Catherine Shorter, was married to Sir Robert Walpole, by whom she became the mother of Horace Walpole. Sir Robert Walpole (afterwards Lord Orford) had a sister, Mary, through whom the Walpole family were ultimately to be connected with "Britain's Admiral," as Mr. George Meredith styles Nelson. The connection with Sir John Shorter may be remote, but the ties are of sufficient interest to bear a little tracing, and may easily be followed from the accompanying diagram—



Only the essential links are given above. The families in nearly every case were numerous, so every name that would have needlessly

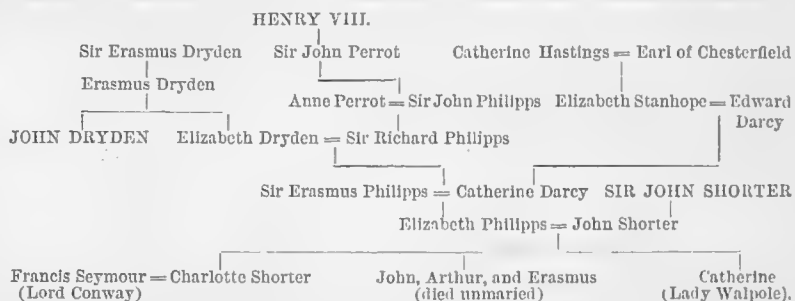
complicated the diagram has been omitted. From the above it is possible to trace Nelson's connection with Sir John Shorter. Blood relationship, of course, there was none, the most that can be said being that Sir Robert Walpole, great-uncle of Nelson, was grandson-in-law to the Lord Mayor. Or, to take it another way, Anne Turner, grandmother to Nelson, was cousin-german to Horace Walpole, Sir John's great-grandson. Or again, Catherine Shorter was sister-in-law to Nelson's great-grandmother. Catherine Shorter was Sir Robert Walpole's first wife. His second was Maria Skerret. The re-marriage of the statesman evoked a good deal of rather caustic banter from the squib-writers of those days. Two satirical poems on the subject are extant, one entitled "The Constant Lovers," the other "The Rival Wives."

The perusal of these choice efforts of minstrelsy which are preserved in the British Museum proved unrewarding, for the latter was deadly dull, the former fatuous. The pseudo-classical appellation of "Skirra," by which the second Lady Walpole is designated in the latter effusion, may be taken as a fair sample of the *jeux d'esprit* therein contained. Catherine Shorter's tomb in the south aisle of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, is surmounted by a marble statue representing her ladyship as a Roman matron. The work is by Valori, after an ancient statue in the Vatican. The monument was erected by her son Horace, and bears the following inscription, composed presumably by himself—

To the memory of Catherine Lady Walpole, Eldest Daughter of John Shorter, Esq., of Bybrook in Kent, and First Wife of Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, Horace, her youngest son, consecrates this monument. She had Beauty and Wit, without Vice or Vanity, and cultivated the Arts without affectation. She was devout, though without bigotry to any sect, and was without prejudice to any party, although the wife of a Minister whose power she esteemed but when she could employ it to benefit the miserable or to reward the meritorious. She loved a private life, tho' born to shine in public; and was an ornament to Courts, untainted by them. She died Aug. 20, 1737.

The monument stands about three feet from the tomb of Mary Queen of Scots.

Elizabeth Philipps, wife of John Shorter the younger, and mother of Lady Walpole, links the Shorter family with Royalty and with great literary eminence. Her great-great-grandfather was King Henry VIII. (through his natural son, Sir John Perrot), while her grand-uncle was John Dryden. The connection may be traced as follows—



Through Catherine Hastings the family was connected with the Earls of Huntingdon, who were directly descended from John of Gaunt and the first three Edwards. Every link of this connection is shown in the Walpole Pedigree, published in 1776 to explain the portraits and coats-of-arms at Strawberry Hill. A copy of this document, kindly lent to the writer by Dr. Shorter, of Hastings, shows the correct Quarterings of the Walpole Shield. The names of the Quarterings are given as follows—

- who brings in    1, Walpole; 2, Fitz Osbert; 3, Harsick,
- who brings in    4, Caley; 5, Calthorpe; 6, Gestinhorpe; 7, Robsart,
- who brings in    8, Kerdeston; 9, Gaunt; 10, Callybot,
- who brings in    11, Le Hunt; 12, Bacon; 13, Crane; 14, Burwell,
- who brings in    15, Derehaugh; 16, Pitman; 17, Shorter,
- 18, Shorter, with Coat of Augmentation, and 19, Birkhead,
- the last-named being, of course, the family arms of Sir John's wife, Isabella Birkhead



BANG AND SCAMP.  
Photo by Hammer and Co., Adelaide.



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INCONSISTENT.

"Freaks, Percy! How dreadful! But it does seem a pity to miss them when they're here."

## NATURE'S CHOIR.\*

The title of Mr. Dixon's new book occasioned some misgivings. The hopelessness of attempting to reduce to musical notation the songs of birds was proved a few years ago by an ambitious American ornithologist, who devoted much patient study to the task and achieved large measure of failure. Mr. Dixon, it is a relief to find, refrains from endeavour to accomplish the impossible; he contents himself with descriptive



THE BLACKBIRD.

Drawn by Henry Stannard for "Our Favourite Song Birds."

remarks on the notes of birds, and, what will be more helpful to those who seek his aid to identify songsters, with very accurate descriptions of their characteristic movements and demeanour while in the act of singing. The author might have gone a step further with advantage, and given us the countryman's interpretation of a bird's "song-phrase" when the popular reading really conveys an idea of it. For instance, the town-bred youth, whose perceptions are of ordinary acuteness, could detect the yellow-hammer at first hearing if he had been told that what the bird asks is "A ver-y little bit of bread and no-o cheeeese," that modest demand exactly corresponding to the phrase which comprises the musical répertoire of *emberiza citrinella*. Perhaps the author thought, however, that this singer's very distinctive colouring renders unnecessary such adventitious aids to identification. It is a pleasure to find so ample and discriminating an appreciation of the song of the robin. As the author says, "the singularly sweet and plaintive song of the robin is practically unique so far as British birds are concerned," and he describes it well when he speaks of it as a sad, "yet withal a cheerful song, a melody of hope poured forth amidst the ruined woods and dripping trees touched with the decay of autumn." There is, in fact, something wintry and forlorn about the song of the robin; something almost painfully suggestive of solitude and want when heard in the grey of a November afternoon. Yet there are few birds whose demeanour less invites commiseration than this boldest of small fowl. Christmas-card and nursery-rhyme have sanctified his audacity: superstition has presented him with the freedom of the hamlet, and goodwill would present him with the freedom of the city if he desired. He is the licensed plunderer of brick-traps, and he laughs the urchin's catapult to scorn. If you would see the robin at his best, take unto yourself two pennies when the leaves are sprouting and seek the hedgerow where the metallic "tack-tack" betrays cock-robin's courting. Do a little judicious tack-tacking with the coppers aforesaid, and, with practice, you shall bring cock-robin forth, bearing himself like a feathered drum-major. With head erect and tail cocked, he hops out, the avine personification of gratified vanity, to meet the imaginary hen who is responding to his love-note. You may clack your pennies within a couple of yards of him, and his inflated self-absorption forbids

the discovery that he is being fooled. Mr. Dixon should have shown us this weaker side of the redbreast's character; he has practised the imposition himself, we doubt not, for he has devoted as much time to the study of birds in their haunts as any living ornithologist. The blackcap is one of our finest songsters, and the author does him justice; by consent he ranks next to the nightingale, for whose song the blackcap's, when poured out at night, is not infrequently mistaken. It smacks of treason to say so, but to my thinking there is less to choose between these two singers than tradition would have us believe: the Patti-like exaltation of the nightingale is due in large measure to the poets, who find its name more amenable to the laws of rhythm and metre than inflexible "blackcap." History is full of such injustice, and Mr. Dixon does well to claim for this bird its true place among singers. By the way, if the nightingale is unknown in Wales, it has been noted as a visitor very near the borders of the Principality. They have in the Golden Valley of Herefordshire a tradition that the nightingale comes thither once in seven years—is supposed, perhaps, to take the locality in due rotation on its professional tours. The song was heard last at Peterchurch, which is seven miles from the Welsh border, on the evening of May 13, 1896, having previously been heard at the same place in 1889, according to a correspondent of the *Zoologist*. Mr. Dixon displays a tendency to be indulgent in his definition of a "song bird." The Lesser Whitethroat utters his simple sequence of notes in a whisper so subdued that only the courtesy of the drawing-room could regard the performance as singing. The Golden-crested Wren is another little bird whose diffidence about the merit of his song prompts him to trill in mouse-like undertones. His song is very sweet and clear—when you can hear it; but that is the difficulty. As Mr. Dixon says, "it is, in fact, a song that must be searched for; it is in nowise obtrusive"—a statement with which ornithologists will heartily concur, since for all practical purposes it is inaudible. A very small and sleepy "weet-weet" is usually all that can be heard. Those sprightly birds of the stream, the Dipper and Ring Ouzel, will, we fancy, blush to find themselves included in Nature's choir. True, the author says of the former, he "cannot be said to rank very high," and of the latter "there is nothing very brilliant about the



THE TREE PIPIT.

Drawn by Henry Stannard for "Our Favourite Song Birds."

song of this species; one might almost class it as monotonous," but the birds themselves would hardly have expected places in the back row of the chorus.

It is a very readable book, and deserves praise as insisting on details of habit and character usually passed over too lightly in "bird-books." Some of Mr. Stannard's illustrations are good; that of the Blackbird is one of the best.

c.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## A GAME OF HONOUR.

BY W. C. MORROW.

Four of the five men who sat around the card-table in the cabin of the *Merry Witch* regarded the fifth man with a steady, implacable look of scorn. The solitary one could not face that terrible glance. His head drooped, and his gaze rested upon some cards, which he idly fumbled as he waited, numbed and listless, to hear his sentence.

The more masterful one of the four made a disdainful gesture towards the craven one and thus addressed the others—

"Gentlemen, none of us can have forgotten the terms of our compact. It was agreed at the beginning of this expedition that only men of unflinching integrity should be permitted to participate in its known dangers and possible rewards. To find and secure the magnificent treasure which we are seeking with a sure prospect of discovering it, we must run the risk of encounters with savage Mexican soldiers and marines, and take all the other dangerous chances of which you are aware. As the charterer of this vessel and the leader of the expedition, I have exercised extraordinary care in selecting my associates. We have been and still are equals, and my leadership as the outfitter of the expedition gives me no advantage in the sharing of the treasure. As such leader, however, I am in authority, and have employed, unsuspected by you, many devices to test the manhood of each of you. Were it not for the fact that I have exhausted all reasonable resources to this end, and have found all of you trustworthy except one, I would not now be disclosing the plan which I have been pursuing."

The three others, who had been gazing at the crestfallen one, now stared at their leader with a startled interest.

"The final test of a man's character," calmly pursued the leader, "is the card-table. Whatever there may be in him of weakness, whether it be a mean avarice, cowardice, or a deceitful disposition, will there inevitably appear. If I were the president of a bank, the general of an army, or the leader of any other great enterprise, I would make it a point to test the character of my subordinates in a series of games at cards, preferably played for money. It is the only sure test of character that the wisdom of the ages has been able to devise."

He paused, and then turned his scornful glance upon the cringing man, who meanwhile had mustered courage to look up, and was employing his eyes as well as his ears to comprehend the strange philosophy of his judge. Terror and dismay were elements of the expression which curiously wrinkled his white face, as though he found himself standing before a court of inscrutable wisdom and relentless justice. But his glance fell instantly when it encountered that of his judge, and his weak lower lip hung trembling.

"We have all agreed," impressively continued the leader, "that the one found guilty of deceiving or betraying the others to the very smallest extent should pay the penalty which we are all sworn to exact. A part of this agreement, as we all remember, is that the one found derelict shall be the first to insist on the visitation of the penalty, and that, should he fail to do so—but I trust that it is unnecessary to mention the alternative."

There was another pause, and the culprit sat still, hardly breathing, and permitting the cards to slip from his fingers to the floor.

"Mr. Rossiter," said the leader, addressing the hapless man in a tone so hard and cold that it congealed the marrow which it pierced, "have you any suggestion to make?"

The doomed man made such a pitiful struggle for self-mastery as the gallows often reveals. If there was a momentary flash of hope based on a transient determination to plead, it faded instantly before the stern and implacable eyes that greeted him from all sides of the table. Certainly there was a fierce struggle, under which his soul writhed, and which showed in a passing flush that crimsoned his face. That went by, and an acceptance of doom sat upon him. He raised his head and looked firmly at the leader, and as he did so his chest expanded and his shoulders squared bravely.

"Captain," said he, with a very good voice, "whatever else I may be, I am not a coward. I have cheated. In doing so I have betrayed the confidence of all. I remember the terms of the compact. Will you kindly summon the skipper?"

Without any change of countenance, the leader complied.

"Mr. Rossiter," he said to the skipper, "has a request to make of you, and whatever it may be I authorise you to comply with it."

"I wish," asked Mr. Rossiter of the skipper, "that you would lower a boat and put me aboard, and that you would furnish the boat with one oar and nothing else whatever."

"Why," exclaimed the skipper, aghast, looking in dismay from one to another, "the man is insane! There is no land within five hundred miles. We are in the tropics, and a man couldn't live four days without food or water, and the sea is alive with sharks. Why, this is suicide!"

The leader's face darkened, but before he could speak Mr. Rossiter calmly remarked—

"That is my own affair, sir," and there was a fine ring in his voice.

The man in the boat, bareheaded and stripped nearly naked in the broiling sun, was thus addressing something which he saw close at hand in the water—

"Let me see. Yes, I think it is about four days now that we have

travelled together, but I am not very positive about that. You see, if it hadn't been for you I should have died of loneliness. . . . Say! aren't you hungry, too? I was a few days ago, but I'm only thirsty now. You've got the advantage of me, because you don't get thirsty. As for your being hungry—ha, ha, ha! Who ever heard of a shark that wasn't always hungry? Oh, I know well enough what's in your mind, companion mine, but there's time enough for that. I hate to disturb the pleasant relation which exists between us at present. That is to say—now, here is a witticism—I prefer the outside relation to the inside intimacy. Ha, ha, ha! I knew you'd laugh at that, you sly old rogue! What a very sly, patient old shark you are! Don't you know that if you didn't have those clumsy fins, and that dreadfully homely mouth away down somewhere on the under-side of your body, and eyes so grotesquely wide apart, and should go on land and match your wit against the various and amusing species of sharks which abound there, your patience in pursuing a manifest advantage would make you a millionaire in a year? Can you get that philosophy through your thick skull, my friend?

"There, there, there! Don't turn over like that and make a fool of yourself by opening your pretty mouth and dazzling the midday sun with the gleam of your white belly. I'm not ready yet. God! how thirsty I am! Say, did you ever feel like that? Did you ever see blinding flashes, that tear through your brain and turn the sun black?

"You haven't answered my question yet. It's a hypothetical question—yes, hypothetical. I'm sure that's what I want to say. Hypo—hypothetical question. Question; yes, that's right. Now, suppose you'd been a pretty wild young shark, and had kept your mother anxious and miserable, and had drifted into gambling, and had gone pretty well to the dogs. Do sharks ever go to the dogs? Now, that's a poser. Sharks—dogs. Oh, what a very ridiculously, sublimely amusing old shark! Dreadfully discreet you are. Never disclose your hand except on a show-down. What a glum old villain you are!

"Pretty well to the dogs, and then braced up and left home to make a man of yourself. Think of a shark making a man of himself! And then—easy there! Don't get excited. I only staggered that time and didn't quite go overboard. And don't let my gesticulations excite you. Keep your mouth shut, my friend; you're not pretty when you smile like that. As I was saying—oh!

"How long was I that way, old fellow. Good thing for me that you don't know how to climb into a boat when a fellow is that way. Were you ever that way, partner? Come on like this: Biff! Big blaze of red fire in your head. Then—then—well, after a while you come out of it, with the queerest and crookedest of augers boring through your head, and a million tadpoles of white fire darting in every direction through the air. Don't ever get that way, my friend, if you can possibly keep out of it. But, then, you never get thirsty. Let me see. The sun was over there when the red fire struck, and it's over here now. Shifted about thirty degrees. Then I was that way about two hours.

"Where are those dogs? Do they come to you or do you go to them? That depends. Now, say you had some friends that wanted to do you a good turn, wanted to straighten you up and make a man of you. They had ascertained the exact situation of a wonderful treasure buried in an island of the Pacific. All right. They knew you had some of the qualities useful for such an expedition—reckless dare-devil, afraid of nothing—things like that. Understand, my friend? Well, all swore oaths as long as your leg—as long as your—oh my! Think of a shark having a leg! Ha, ha, ha! Long as your leg! Oh my! Pardon my levity, old man, but I must laugh. Ha, ha, ha! Oh my!

"All of you swore—you and the other sharks. No lying; no deceit; no swindling. First shark that makes a slip is to call the skipper and be sent adrift with one oar and nothing else. And all, my friend, after you had pledged your honour to your mother, your God, yourself, and your friends to be a true and honourable shark. It isn't the hot sun broiling you and covering you with bursting blisters, and changing the marrow of your bones to melted iron and your blood to hissing lava—it isn't the sun that hurts, and the hunger that gnaws your intestines to rags, and the thirst that changes your throat into a funnel of hot brass, and blinding bursts of red fire in your head, and lying dead in the waist of the boat while the sun steals thirty degrees of time out the sky, and a million fiery tadpoles darting through the air—none of them hurt so much as something infinitely deeper and more cruel—your broken pledge of honour to your mother, your God, yourself, and your friends. That is what hurts, my friend.

"It is late, old man, to begin life all over again while you are in the article of death, and resolve to be good when it is no longer possible to be bad. But that is our affair, yours and mine; and just at this time we are not choosing to discuss the utility of goodness. But I don't like that sneer in your glance. I have only one oar, and I will cheerfully break it over your wretched head if you come a yard nearer. . . .

"Aha! Thought I was going over, eh? See; I can stand steady when I try. But I don't like that sneer in your eyes. You don't believe in the reformation of the dying, eh? You are a contemptible dog; a low, mean, outcast dog! You sneer at the declaration of a man that he can and will be honest at last and face his Maker humbly, but still as a man. Come, then, my friend, and let us see which of us two is



the decent and honourable one. Stake your manhood against mine, and stake your life with your manhood. We'll see which is the more honourable of the two; for I tell you now, Mr. Shark, that we are going to gamble for our lives and our honour.

"Come up closer and watch the throw. No? Afraid of the oar? You sneaking coward! You would be a decent shark at last did the oar but split your skull. See this visiting-card, you villain? Look at it as I hold it up. There is printing on one side; that is my name; it is I. The other side is blank; that is you. Now, I am going to throw this into the water. If it falls name up, I win; if blank side up, you win. If I win, I eat you; if you win, you eat me. Is that a go?"

"Hold on. You see, I can throw a card so as to bring uppermost either side I please. That wouldn't be fair. For this, the last game of my life, is to be square. So I fold one end down on this side and the other down on that side. When you throw a card folded like that, no living shark, whether he have legs or only a tail, can know which side will fall uppermost. That is a square game, old man, and it will settle the little difference that has existed between you and me for four days past—a difference of ten or fifteen feet.

"Mind you, if I win, you are to come alongside the boat and I am to kill you and eat you. That may sustain my life until I am picked up. If you win, over I go and you eat me. Are you in the game? Well, here goes, then, for life or death. . . . Ah! you have won! And this is a game of honour!"

A black-smoking steamer was steadily approaching the drifting boat, for the look-out had reported the discovery, and the steamer was bearing down to lend succour. The captain, standing on the bridge, saw through his glass a wild and nearly naked man making the most extraordinary signs and gestures, staggering and lurching in imminent danger of falling overboard. When the ship had approached quite near, the captain saw the man toss a card into the water, and then stand with an ominous rigidity, the meaning of which was unmistakable. He sounded a blast from the whistle, and the drifting man started violently and turned to see the steamer approaching, and observed hasty preparations for the lowering of a boat. The outcast stood immovable, watching the strange apparition, which seemed to have sprung out of the ocean.

The boat touched the water and shot lustily forward.

"Pull with all your might, lads, for the man is insane, and is preparing to leap overboard. A big shark is lying in wait for him, and the moment he touches the water he is gone."

The men did pull with all their might, and halloed to the drifting one and warned him of the shark.

"Wait a minute," they cried, "and we'll take you on the ship!"

The purpose of the men seemed at last to have dawned upon the understanding of the outcast. He straightened himself as well as he could into a wretched semblance of dignity, and hoarsely replied—

"No; I have played a game and lost. An honest man will pay a debt of honour."

And with such a light in his eyes as comes only into those whose vision has penetrated the most wonderful of all mysteries, he leaped forth into the sea.

## WILL YOU WALK WITH ME THE DAY?

### A DERRY DUOLOGUE.

"Will you walk with me the day, Rose O'Doherty,  
To Trillig Banks away, Roseen Dhu?  
To a ribbon you are ready,  
And the sun is shinin' steady;  
Will you walk with me the day, Rose aroo?"

"I'll no walk with you the day, Mr. Cassidy,  
Not the long nor little way, Master John.  
The sun is shinin' steady,  
And for Trillig Banks I'm ready,  
Sence I'm walkin' there the day with Cousin Con."

"What's your raison?" "Who was he that on a pleasure-boat,  
When he'd wired 'Domestic duty keeps me here,'  
I caught out exchangin' kisses  
With some light young Miss or Mrs.  
Through Con's telescope from off of Derry pier?"

"'Twas myself between the puffing *Juno's* paddle-boxes,  
I confess it, claimin' kisses with a will  
From no foolish, forward stranger,  
But, safe out of stormy danger,  
From my sister off the Liner at Moville."

"Will you walk with me the day, Rose O'Doherty?  
There, jewel, 'tis too sore you're takin' on."  
"I could bear it—if you'd—blame me—  
But with kindness—so to shame me!  
Yes! I'll walk—I'll walk—forever—with you, John."

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

## "FROM TONKIN TO INDIA."\*

"I rather imagine it has small chance of becoming an artery of commerce," says Prince Henri of the "high road" from the Upper Mekong to Assam. Had his journey been the means of revealing a possible trade route between India and China, the Prince's achievement had been much less remarkable. From a utilitarian point of view, it was productive of only negative results; but as a feat of exploration, as a record of difficulties resolutely faced and overcome, this extraordinary journey stands alone in the history of Asiatic travel. Between the Salween Valley and Sadiya, the extreme north-eastern outpost of British India, lies a wilderness of mountain ranges, smothered in heavy jungle, scared with deep watercourses, and sparsely peopled with hill tribes more or less wild. This no-man's-land is only some two hundred miles across as the crow flies; the Prince's party took the most direct route the natural obstacles of the way allowed, and made what speed they might, walking when the track permitted, scrambling, climbing, or crawling when its absence compelled modes of progression more suitable for monkeys than men; but it cost them little under three months of



PRINCE HENRI AND HIS COMPANIONS, MM. ROUX AND BRIFFAUD.

Reproduced by permission from "From Tonkin to India."

toil, fever, and hunger to cover the distance. A mile or two in a day was sometimes the most they could do. "Jagged points, slippery surface, crumbling brinks, creepers that tripped, worm-eaten trunks up which to swarm, almost vertical ladders to climb, formed of wooden pickets driven into the face of overhanging bluffs, often hauled by sheer strength of a couple of men and liana drag-ropes over boulders." It does not sound promising as "an artery of commerce," does it? The explorers' adventurous journey across the hitherto untraversed country north of Upper Burma insists on first mention, though it occupied only one-fourth of the year spent by the party between Laokay and British-Indian territory. They attacked this delectable region from Tsekou, a small town on the Chino-Tibetan frontier, almost due east from Sadiya; and from Laokay, above Hai-phong, *via* Talifou to Tsekou, was a march of nine months' duration. Though the dangers and difficulties of the journey through Chinese territory and up the Mekong Valley were less formidable than those in store, they were by no means to be despised, the misconduct of Chinese followers, the inflexible dishonesty of the people and supineness of the officials, providing the travellers with quite as much trouble as was compatible with forward movement at all. On the physical drawbacks encountered during the march northward the author does not insist, and only those whom fate has led to such regions as the Salween or Mekong Valleys in the south-west monsoon, where the rainfall were better measured by feet than inadequate inches, can fully appreciate the spirit that makes so light of them. Nothing damped the ardour of the party, save the periodical discovery made at intervals on the Mekong or Salween that some unnamed Englishman had been there before—no doubt, enterprising Forest officers bent on spying out the land far beyond the teak forests of Tenasserim—and we sympathise with the author when he rejoices in the ability to say that no European foot had trodden the path he travels. Prince Henri's admiration for the rule of Britain, which "spreads like a drop of oil by a sort of inexorable law of Nature," is qualified by a shade of resentment, but his respect for the British official and for the system which develops him is qualified only by the desire that France should adopt our method of placing implicit confidence in the officers who administer her colonies.

The book is beautifully printed, and M. Gaston Vuillier's numerous drawings from photographs give an excellent idea of the types of people encountered. Mr. Hamley Bent's translation is, on the whole, excellent; but he makes the author state that the chamois and a wild ass are found in Yunnan; the serow, or goat-antelope, is the animal indicated.

\* "From Tonkin to India." By Prince Henri d'Orléans. London: Methuen and Co.

## "CINDERELLA," AT THE GRAND, CROYDON.

The main impression which we carry away from a visit to the pantomime at the Grand Theatre, Croydon, is one of exceeding but miniature prettiness. It is a small matter, perhaps, that the charming nursery-story of "Cinderella" proceeds on familiar lines, that the Prince, after a hunting expedition, meets his kitchen sweetheart in the conventional glade, and that the poor down-trodden "Cinders" is fondly and hopelessly beloved by her father's page-boy. All these matters, we are glad to find, along with the transposition of the Prince and his valet, the appearance of the Fairy God-mother to Cinderella, and the transformation of rats, mice, and pumpkin into the historical coach-and-four, proceed on the old legendary lines. But Cinderella's penniless father becomes the Baron Klondyke, while the two Ugly Sisters are christened after the heroine of Sarah Grand's "Beth Book" and the Glory of Mr. Hall Caine's "Christian." Yet, although in the prologue the librettist, Mr. Horace Lennard, introduces such alien characters as Puss in Boots and the Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe, he keeps pretty closely to his text throughout the course of the action, and detains us fairly impartially between Klondyke Hall, whose name sadly belies its auriferous title, the Royal Forest, the scene of a charming hunt ballet in green and red, and the gardens and ball-room of the Prince's Palace. The *corps de ballet* is not large, but it is distinguished by pretty faces, exquisite dresses, and capable dancing, and the scenery, if generally unambitious, can boast one or two pictures, notably the Forest and the Ball-room sets, which are delightful arrangements of beautifully harmonised colours. One can but praise Mr. George Edwardes' admirable taste in the designs he has chosen for his dresses. The autumn tints of the hunt procession and the separate costumes for the ball scene, each one quite unique, and many of

them honoured as they have been with prizes awarded at Covent Garden Ball, reflect the highest credit on the manager. One only wished there had been more ladies to do credit to Mr. Clarkson's invention and to Mr. Edwardes' enterprise. The same air of dainty refinement which

is observed in the general production is also noticeable not only in the bright music of Mr. Meyer Lutz, but also in several of the more important interpreters of the fairy-tale. A more charming Cinderella could hardly have been found than Miss Maggie May, who, quaintly enough, was dressed in the Forest scene as an Irish girl, and provided with a negro melody about "de great white throne." Once deputy to Miss Marie Tempest in "The Geisha," I fancy, this young lady proved the possessor of a high-pitched, if scarcely too true, soprano, a delightfully arch and winning manner, and a very attractive stage-appearance. As the Prince, dashing and sentimental by turns, Miss Grace Palotta gave every reasonable satisfaction. Her fine presence and shapely figure lent a welcome grace to the character, and she sang such ditties as "A Royal Lothario" with decided spirit, marked tact, and unobtrusive geniality. But the Croydon "Cinderella" is not only pretty, it is also decidedly funny. It would be difficult for any comedian to present us with a much drollier Baron than does Mr. Lionel Rignold, while Messrs. Welton Dale and George Artley strike out with welcome originality a new line as the ugly and short-frocked sisters. I liked immensely the singing and dancing of Mr. Fred Wright junior in Mr. Eugene Stratton's famous "Dolly Daydream," and I was agreeably impressed by the sprightly Dandini of that very "slick" and graceful danseuse Miss Gracie Leigh.

A few droll references to China and the Powers secured some topical interest for the pantomime, but its chief characteristics are a delicate and diminutive refinement. Practically, the Croydon "Cinderella" need fear no rivalry—not even that of the Garrick production. F. G. B.



MISS MAGGIE MAY.



MISS MAGGIE MAY.



MR. LIONEL RIGNOLD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARKER AND PRICE, CROYDON.

## SOME FOREIGN AUDIENCES.

## II.—IN WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

The largest "house" that I ever saw in Canada was in the Winnipeg Drill Hall just a year ago, when Madame Albani and the talented artists accompanying her gave a concert in that go-ahead city. The Drill Hall is said to hold well over five thousand persons, and upon the occasion referred to it was packed. Never had such an assembly filled the vast building; probably no such gathering has been seen there since. From hundreds of miles around senators and storekeepers alike came into the city by rail to hear the Canadian cantatrice, while in sleighs of many and strange designs, ranchers and settlers, and lovers of music, and actors, and miners, and adventurers—all sorts and conditions of men and women, in short—poured into the famous town. Some of the sleighs, indeed, never did arrive, and one of the trains was snowed up for twenty-four hours; when, at last, the train did reach Winnipeg, the concert was over and the artists were gone. For at that time the Province of Manitoba was experiencing a "cold snap," as a spell of hard weather is called there, and for a week the thermometer registered between 35 and 50 degrees below zero. Such "snaps" are less common in Canada proper than certain writers would have us believe; yet the shrewd men of Winnipeg were not caught napping. Indeed, for three nights and three days before the eventful evening twenty-four giant stoves were kept almost at white-heat in various parts of the Drill Hall, and when the doors were at last thrown open, and the excited crowds went tumbling in, they passed from an arctic temperature into an atmosphere bordering upon eighty degrees.

Audiences found in cities such as Halifax and Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Victoria, and I might add Calgary, appreciate fine artists as well as fine actors and fine acting perhaps as fully as we can appreciate talent here in England, and in these as well as in a few more Canadian cities of importance a section of the public soon show by their applause what they enjoy. The same, however, cannot be said of most of the audiences found in the small towns. There one generally hears at the end of each act bursts of doubtful enthusiasm and spasmodic hand-clapping, which mean nothing, and the news-sheets published in these overgrown villages take their cue from the audiences, and, so to speak, feel their way before issuing reports. When the reports do appear, they are usually patronising in tone and couched in the loftiest of language, evidently with a view to impressing visitors to the little town with the idea that European "stars" are seen and heard there every day and night of the week. This dread of being thought behind the age—a sort of self-consciousness, it seems to be—is, indeed, a noticeable trait in the character of your Canadian provincial. Consequently, a brilliantly acted, clever play, appreciated and applauded by an up-to-date Canadian audience in an up-to-date Canadian city, such as Winnipeg, and duly praised in next



KING BILLY OF BALLARAT.

Photo by Richard, Ballarat.

day's newspapers by discriminating critics, will, in most of the townlets, be indifferently received by a lukewarm "house," and subsequently "damned" with faint praise in the columns of the local press.

T.

## THE CABARET DE LA MÈRE MOREAU.

There is many a quaint corner in Paris which, by its historical associations, its mediæval appearance, its decrepitude, offers a vastly greater interest to the lover of the picturesque and the dreamer than the Paris of to-day, with its monotonously uniform beauty and grandeur and its interminable variety of attractions made to flatter the blunted palate



THE CABARET DE LA MÈRE MOREAU.

and vitiated taste of pleasure-seekers who throng from all parts of the world. The neighbourhoods of the Isle St. Louis, the Pont Neuf, where only a little more than a century ago it was dangerous to cross in a light carriage unless one was certain of finding the neighbouring wheelwright idle, and the other side of the water, as the students are fond of calling their quarter, still present the greatest number of such queer corners, narrow streets, dark shops, weird yards, and, I am sorry to say, nauseous smells. There is a quaint little inn near the Pont Neuf which can boast, without fear of contradiction, that its roof has sheltered all that France has produced in the way of talent, at an age when such talent was nascent, enthusiastic, and generous. This little inn is the Cabaret de la Mère Moreau. It was founded in 1789 by Mère Moreau herself, No. 4, Place de l'École, between the Pont Neuf and the Ponts des Arts, and is, therefore, one of the oldest establishments in Paris. Although it has since changed hands several times, its internal fittings have remained the same. It is a small, narrow shop, with two entrances in the street. The counter runs parallel to the three walls, and, as there is little room between the counter and the wall, the customers have to drink standing. The counter is kept by young girls, and the drinks are drinks so far as they are fruit-preserves. It was a success from the very first, owing to the fact that, like all other groups in those Revolutionary times, the students held their club-meetings at the place. During the Empire and the other dozen forms of Government which followed down to the present day, the Mère Moreau gave a lot of trouble to the police, and was closed several times.

A procession to the Cabaret de la Mère Moreau, however, was and still remains the indispensable complement of the French student's education, to whatever branch of study he may belong, and what characterises the procession is its originality. The largest procession, which, as a rule, numbers fifteen hundred young men, is that organised in the first week of June by the students who have successfully passed their exam. of admission to the École Polytechnique. They start from the Boulevard St. Michel in single file. The tallest of the lot, dressed in a gorgeous drum-major's uniform, immense busby and cane included, leads the procession, which descends the Boulevard St. Michel and crosses the bridge singing a refrain composed for the occasion. It then marches round the equestrian statue of Henry IV., and proceeds to the Cabaret de la Mère Moreau. Here the procession stops to give time to the leader to parley with the proprietor. The door is then opened, and every student in the procession, always in single file, enters, and, after taking a cherry cordial, goes out by the other door. The police, who are kept informed of the date and the hour of the procession, keep the streets clear and prevent anyone outside the procession entering the cabaret while the procession is in the premises. For two or three months these single-file processions of students of different branches and of provincial colleges on leave in Paris or spending their holidays here follow each other in quick succession, but they very seldom or ever degenerate into rows.

V. R.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FRANCE v. ENGLAND AT FOOTBALL.

On Sunday week Paris turned out to the Parc du Prince Vélodrome grounds to see England fight France at football. England won by 20 points to the French 11. Here are the names of the players in both camps—

English: Forwards—Tucker (of the Blackheath F.C.), Wallace (Lennox), Thorpe (St. Thomas's), Barton, Whyatt, Fisher, and Ellaby (Southampton Trojans), and Hayne (St. George's Hospital). Half-backs—Coltart (Blackheath), Swaby (Harlequins). Three-quarters—Susmann (St. George's Hospital), Greg (St. Thomas's Hospital), Hill (Southampton Trojans), and Gidley (St. John's, Oxford). Full-back—Moggridge (Richmond).

French: Forwards—Aitoff, De Visme, Cartault, Muret, Dehais, Roosevelt, Lefebvre Hubert, F. Dularic. Half-backs—Wade, Duchamps. Three-quarter-backs—Klingelhoefer, F. Reichel, G. Duchamps, Tauzin. Full-back—L. Binoche.

The English won the toss. They at once pressed very hotly. Their captain showed that he knew what he was about, for, after a sleepless night on the trains and on board the Calais boat, the best thing to do was to score as much as possible in the first half and leave the second to take care of itself. Gidley was the first to cross the line with the ball. The attempt to convert the try might have been left to a blind outsider, for the ball went as near the goal as London Bridge is to Windsor Park.

Hayne got the second try. Two minutes later Ellaby scored the third, and Susmann the fourth. Place kicks failed each time. The



THE FRENCH TEAM.

Photo by Chiest, Paris.

French were so completely nonplussed by the tactics of the Londoners that Coltart, who got hold of the ball after a scrummage, simply walked away with it, while they looked at him without even attempting to stop him. I am sure Coltart never got such an easy try in his life. This was followed by a sixth try, secured by Susmann, which Thorpe converted into a goal.

Half-time was sounded at this moment. When the game was resumed it became clear that the Londoners were pumped out. The very heavy weight of the French forwards and the reinforcement of their three-quarters soon changed the aspect of the game. This time the French began to score. They got first one try, then a second which they converted, and finally a third. Towards the end their opponents woke up a bit, but all they succeeded in doing was to prevent fresh scores being added to the eleven already marked. Had the French shown a little more cohesion, they could have had another half-a-dozen tries, for, when the game was over, our team could hardly drag themselves to their cabins. All English teams commit the mistake of arriving in Paris by the morning train and playing the same afternoon. This was all very well about ten years ago, when French players were afraid of the ball. Things have altered now; Frenchmen play very hard indeed. Their forwards are heavy, and they lack only cohesion.

## "THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF SPORT."

I have received the following letter from Mr. W. Allison, who, writing from the Sports Club, takes objection to the review of "The Encyclopædia of Sport" given last week. Mr. Allison takes exception to the remark about his contribution to the volume—

The reviewer [he says], in effect, charges me with devoting that contribution to the purpose of an advertisement of Bruce Lowe's book on breeding. Nothing could be further from the truth. In the first place, although at the request of poor Bruce Lowe, who had worked for twenty years on his subject, I agreed to

edit the book for him in the event of his death (which, unfortunately, occurred), I never had any sort of material interest in the book, and refused to receive any remuneration whatever from the executors for what I did. In the second place, the book has passed far beyond any necessity for advertisement. It has been separately published in Russian and German. An American edition of it is published by a New York firm. A French commentary on it has been issued. All the leading Continental breeders work by it, and Count Lehndorff has had all the mares at the Imperial Stud, Graditz, tabulated, coloured, and numbered according to Bruce Lowe's system. Every sale-catalogue of bloodstock in America has a preface explaining the system and the application of the figures, and no leading paper in Australasia omits to refer to the "figures" of horses under notice. These are facts which can be easily verified, and I should have seemed altogether behind the times, and unfit for the task imposed on me, if in writing about the British thoroughbred I had omitted to give a brief explanation of Bruce Lowe's Figure system.

## RACING NOTES.

Very little fault can be found with the entries for the Lincoln Handicap, and, if Major Egerton does his work well, we shall see a good race on the Carholme on March 22. St. Cloud II. is already favourite for the race in the Continental list, but the stable can be represented by Voter, who is a useful horse now that he has become acclimatised. Further, I am one of the many who believe that Sloane is a long way in front of many of our jockeys, and the horses he rode last autumn may be too heavily weighted in the spring. General Peace is a street-corner tip



THE ENGLISH TEAM.

Photo by Chiest, Paris.

for this race, and he is sure to win a good race when he is fit. Gulistan, if not overweighted, may go close, and the best of Robinson's lot, which may be Pedant, will have to be reckoned with.

The Grand National is, in my opinion, one of the prettiest races of the whole year, and the event this season is likely to be highly interesting, as a capital entry of good 'chasers has been received. The horses-for-courses theory works out in this race more than in any other, and animals that have once jumped the course can be safely trusted to repeat the performance. Manifesto is very likely to get a welter weight, but he is a good horse. Prince Albert, if sound, will run well, and Biscuit, who has been on the shelf for twelve months, has been over the course. Filbert, Barcalwhey, and Ford of Fyne are safe jumpers, and, with light weights, may go close, as may Cathal and The Soarer.

The City and Suburban will, I take it, be one of the most exciting of the Spring Handicaps. Mr. Robert P'Anson is a good judge of form, and he can be relied upon to give us a good handicap. Owners like to see their horses run at Epsom, and the field is very likely to be quite up to the average. Last year's winner, Balsamo, is again entered, but he is not a good horse, as was shown by his running in the Royal Hunt Cup. Ashburn, if not too heavily weighted, ought to go close; and South Australian is not likely to hunt for backers if he starts. Bay Ronald ran well last year, and may do so again. Other likely candidates are Kilcock, Diakka, Eager, and Chelandry.

C. Wood, the jockey who will ride for Lord Rosebery this year, has been hunting on the South Coast. Wood is never so happy as when on the back of a horse, and he seldom misses a day the year round without having a canter on his hack. He attributes his hardy health and good nerve to having lived a temperate life, and also to having gone to bed early o' nights. Many jockeys have ruined their constitutions through sitting up the night through at the card-table and then going on to the course in the morning to ride at exercise.

CAPTAIN COE.



## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 19, 5.24; Thursday, 5.26; Friday, 5.27; Saturday, 5.29; Sunday, 5.31; Monday, 5.33; Tuesday, 5.34.

The very neatest and simplest bicycle-stand that I have as yet come across may be obtained from Mr. F. G. Pinn, whose shop lies almost opposite Portland Road Station—at 52, Bolsover Street, to be accurate. The stand is made of wood, and will take either a man's or a woman's bicycle, which, when placed in it, is raised several inches from the floor. When not required, the stand can be folded up. It is light, portable, and compact; but the price, half-a-crown, strikes me as being high, for any schoolboy with what is called "a turn for carpentering" ought to be able to construct half-a-dozen such stands in a few hours.

Cycling schools and colleges and academies are increasing in number day by day, so that soon we shall probably hear the German Emperor is coming over to England in order to open a Cycling University in London. One of the best schools in town at this moment is the Portman Cycling Academy, managed by Mr. A. Wheaton. The offices of this academy are at 32, Dorset Street, Baker Street, W., and I hear that the Ladies' Cycling Gymkhana held there a short time ago was a great success.

Two ladies have lately accosted me openly in the streets in order to solicit my co-operation. They hold a sort of petition to the powers that be—a document praying the said magnates to enforce a law by which all vehicles will be compelled to carry a lighted lamp between the hours from one hour after sunset to one hour before sunrise. Now, it strikes me very forcibly that such a law might at times prove extremely inconvenient. I thought so as soon as the fair ladies had unfolded their plan to me, and, raising my hat to beauty, I then and there expressed my regret at being unwillingly compelled to decline to accede to their

from the effects of having a finger dragged in between the chain and the cog-wheel. Children, especially, are only too fond of setting the wheels of a bicycle spinning and of then tampering with the chain, so I would earnestly warn all parents to keep their mischievous youngsters well out of harm's way, by never, under any condition whatsoever, letting them play tricks with "Mamma's wheel" or with "Pa's bike."

One-legged cyclists are by no means uncommon; indeed, it seems to be the rule that people without the usual complement of understanding should ride a wheel. But it does strike one as surprising that blind folks should take to cycling. No doubt, they can do most things that their more favoured brothers and sisters can do, and do them equally well; but a blind cyclist must surely be a source of danger to others besides himself. The canine attendant, which we are accustomed to see guiding the afflicted old man along the pavement, is obviously out of place when the afflicted one is mounted on a bicycle, and neither is the tapping stick available as a "precautionary measure." A London firm is said to have made seven machines for blind people in the course of last year, but I have not come across statistics of the accidents caused or suffered by these adventurous riders. Presumably they confined their cycling exercise to unfrequented paths, bordered perhaps with shrubs of a yielding but unprickly nature, calculated to break a fall without much damage to either rider or machine.

I think that women make better winter riders than men. They ride more slowly and deliberately, and, therefore, do not suffer so much from the thick mud which so often spoils pleasant rides at this time of year, and permits the healthy exercise which seems almost more necessary on cold winter days than in the hot, relaxing days of summer. Of course, the great danger in winter cycling is the liability to catch a chill, as the air is often icy cold, and, after a long spin, the rider becomes overheated, and, if he is not properly clothed, the consequences are sometimes



THE BIGGEST CYCLE IN THE WORLD, BUILT AT WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

Reproduced from the "New York World."

request. I expected them to smile seductively in return. Instead, they merely muttered "Rats!" and very rudely strode away.

Fond as we all are of cycling, some of us are fonder still of driving, and to be stopped in a lonely lane by a rural constable on a lovely moonlit night because one happened to be driving without lamps would, to say the least, be provoking. Of course, there is much to be said both for and against the proposed law; but, so far as my experience goes, I have found vehicles without lights on country roads at night far less dangerous to cyclists than are the careless pedestrians who silently tumble into you before you can say "Puncture." A vehicle, at its worst, can always be heard rumbling long before it approaches. Not so the pedestrian, unless he be intoxicated. Now, supposing an Act compelling all vehicles to carry lighted lamps after dusk were to become law, why, the provincial pedestrian would, in his feeling of security, simply become so much more careless and "sketchy" than he already is that cycling by night could no longer be pursued even with comparative safety. No; what we want is a regulation compelling pedestrians to wear a lamp in front and a coloured light behind during the hours after dinner and before breakfast, as suggested, if I mistake not, by Mr. Bernard Shaw, the well-known purveyor of dry humour.

The subject of lamps reminds me of a nasty mishap that befell a friend of mine on Boxing Night. He was cycling quietly homeward through the fog, when all of a sudden his lamp burst into flame, and a moment later all the front part of his machine was, to use the fireman's phrase, "well alight." Fortunately, the rider himself instantly vaulted out of the saddle and so escaped injury which might have been serious. The accident was due to the stupidity of a servant, who had filled with paraffin a lamp intended for thick oil only. Both fork and handle-bar of the bicycle were considerably disfigured, and, of course, the front tyre was completely ruined.

Mr. H. P. George is not by any means the first individual who, while cleaning a bicycle, has nearly lost a finger. Last year I drew the attention of readers of *The Sketch* to the fact that a man who cleans a bicycle while the wheels are revolving runs a very great risk of having a hand mutilated. To my own knowledge several persons have lost a finger in this manner, and two or three more are even now suffering

very serious. I will not enter into the question of woollen clothing, which, of course, is quite necessary, but which has been continually discussed in every cycling paper. There are, however, many trifling adjuncts which add to the comfort and safety of the rider that I may mention. A chest-protector, composed of a sheet of medicated cotton-wool, is invaluable for those who suffer from delicate chests or are susceptible to cold, while for gentlemen riders I would strongly recommend a silk scarf or cummerbund worn round the waist, or one of the cholera-belts sold for use in hot climates, which is an excellent preventive of dangerous chills. Some riders invariably complain of cold feet, for which I advise the wearing of cork soles in the boots, and also of warm gaiters either of hose-cloth or stockingette. Warm gloves are, of course, a necessity, for in frosty weather the hands are very liable to become numb. I have not much faith in the invention—I think it is a German one—of hollow handles to contain hot water, as the amount of water contained in a handle would be much too small to retain its heat for any length of time.

American competition has, during the last three years, interfered to a certain extent with the sale of English bicycles, yet the British wheel has still managed to hold its own. I hear now that "Palmer's Jarrow" bicycles have been selected by the management of the Nouveau Cirque in Paris for their new public performance known as the Bicycle Quadrille, and that no other sort of machine will be used. Considering the enormous number of French and American firms of bicycle-makers now flourishing in Paris, this fact is significant. No doubt, too, the sale of English machines will by this means be still further stimulated in the French capital.

The biggest bicycle in the world has been built, I need hardly add, in America, in Massachusetts. What our grandmothers would have thought had they met a machine similar to the one shown here, and similarly laden, travelling along the country lanes of their primitive village, one hardly dares to think. I would particularly draw my reader's attention to the fact that each of the fair riders mounted upon this mechanical monstrosity is supplied with a horn. In America they adhere more closely to the letter of the law than we do over here. The local magistrate, to whom I lately alluded in these columns, who fined the riders of a tandem because they had not two lamps, one to each rider, as ordered by law, would, no doubt, approve of this American plan of sounding the alarm.





*Monday.*—At last I may write myself down as superior to Julia. She has influenza and I am quite well! She is rather weak, so I have forced her to recognise all my higher claims, and even to ask me prettily to go and buy her a dressing-gown to meet the requirements of her convalescence with grace and elegance. Julia is a nice woman, clever

illness overtake her, not a dressing-gown does she own. A careful collection of the inappropriate and the useless in costume appears to absorb her best interests.

A tea-gown which should be sufficiently decorative to do honour to my Julia, and sufficiently comfortable to meet the exigencies of her



MISS HARVEY'S DRESS.



MISS ORAM'S DRESS.

[Copyright]

woman, brilliant woman, and I love her. Yet I must observe that she never by any chance possesses a garment suitable for an occasion which may arise. When her mantelpiece is strewn with invitations to parties, her wardrobe boasts not a single evening-dress; should a gentle invalidism be hers, not a tea-gown is in her possession; should a serious

slothful case, for she has not the energy to fasten two rows of hooks, is not easy to achieve. A French model must be secured, for these, even when made of silk, are invariably lined with nun's veiling; and thus would preserve her from cold, the most dreaded follower of this most dreaded disease, in whose dispraise I could use language not alone



unparliamentary, but unjournalistic, and, to say the least of it, unlady-like. How I detest influenza, and how irritating it is that no doctor seems to have found out what it is, and even fewer seem to have the least notion of treating it! My own special medico declares it malarial, while Julia's—a dear fellow—always gazes at her with a tender sympathy when she is suffering, the while he pours out a list of dire diseases which will possibly follow on the heels of her present misfortune, rattling off glibly a string of casualties which may wound or even kill, and, departing, leaves behind him a depression of spirits which is strangely at variance with my Julia's general habit.

Well, I have bought that tea-gown—I think it will do her good. It is of pale-blue soft satin, made in dressing-gown shape, lined with nun's veiling, with a lace hood round the shoulders, tied in the front with long ends, bishop's sleeves of pale-blue satin, and a double Watteau pleat at the back falling from either shoulder, a sash of chiffon being passed through these to tie in the front with lace-trimmed ends. It was somewhat difficult to choose between this and a mauve bengaline boasting sleeves of lace and a small lace yoke at the neck hemmed with sable, but, as this fastened down one side and was lined with silk, prudence pointed me to the blue, and I permitted it, on this occasion only, to guide my footsteps. I find shopping for other people exceedingly fatiguing. I suppose I am somewhat selfish—such a possibility has been hinted to me before—but I have discovered that if you shop for three hours in your own interests you become less tired than if you shop for other people for half-an-hour—why is it? Solutions to this problem may be sent in before Monday morning by any women who are sympathetic in its tenets and eager and anxious to help me to understand myself.

*Wednesday.*—To commemorate Julia's recovery, which has not yet taken place to my complete satisfaction, I went to the Globe Theatre to-night, where I welcomed John Hare in a very pretty little sentimental play. Providence rewarded me for my enterprise by a glimpse of some excellent clothes, which I am told on authority were made by Jay's. A look at the cut of the skirts and the details of the embroidery convinced me that the aforesaid authority was justified in this assertion. Such a good coat there is worn by Miss May Harvey, made of fuchsia-coloured velveteen, with a large raised design in sequins of the same colour, and frilling of lace on the revers, which are hemmed with sable. The evening-dress, too, worn by the same actress is a masterpiece, made of yellow satin, embroidered with diamond bows and an appliqué of artificial roses with diamond centres extending over each hip and decorating the front of the bodice, while the short puffed sleeves are of white tulle, tied up with black velvet ribbons. Miss Oram's black gown is lovely, too, with a long apron and hip-pieces made of jet and steel; it is frilled with flounces of net, and has a bodice all made of frills of jet and net. Miss Harvey's grey cloth is trimmed with that novel decoration, an embroidery in taffeta, raised and padded to stand out from the stuff, and traced with chenille. The revers to the bodice are turned back with frills of lace and black velvet ribbons, and the hat is an airy confection of embroidery of grey chenille, with waving ospreys and black velvet rosettes. Certainly Fashion disports herself prettily on these boards; for the rest, she is rather inert in London, devoting her best interests to those lucky folks who revel in the sunshine of the Riviera—where, by the way, I hear it has been exceedingly foggy and quite cold. How disillusioning is the simple, honest, straightforward truth!

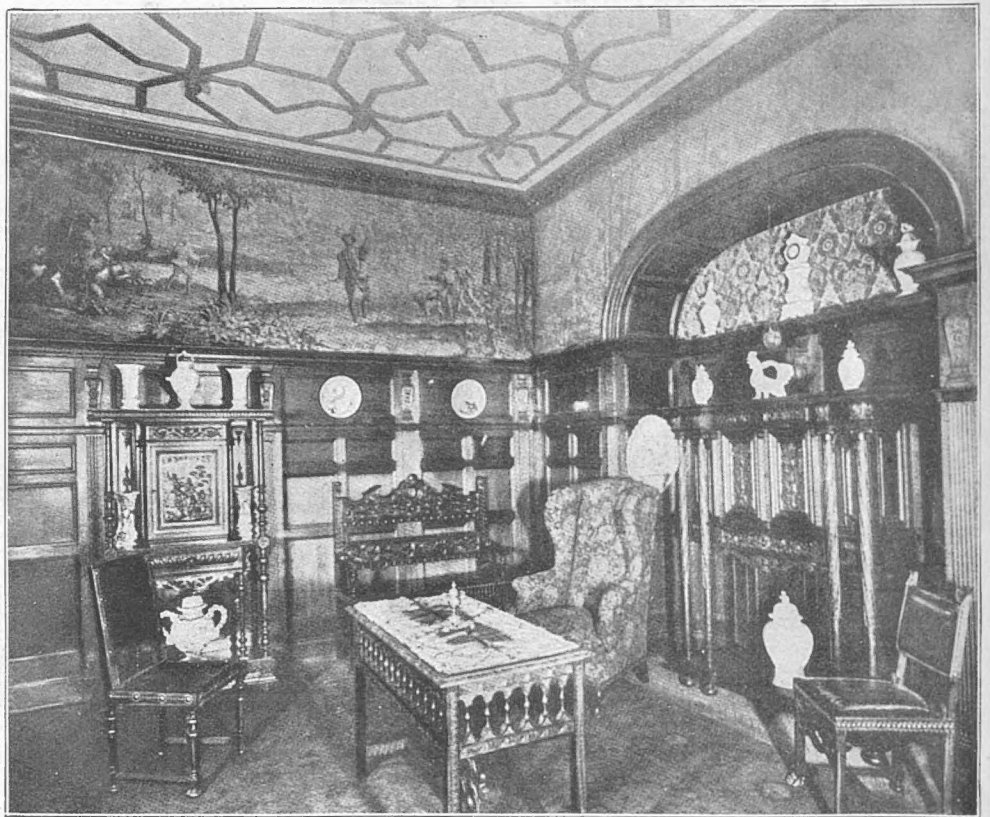
The colour which at the present moment is absorbing the best fancies of our best authorities on dress is lavender-grey. I saw a lovely gown of this at Jay's the other day; made perfectly plainly, it was full of grace. The simple skirt was cut in long lines, resting about an inch on the ground, and was decorated with shaped bands of cloth, outlining shaped frills of cloth innocent of fulness; the bodice was seamless at the back, tight into the waist, pouching in the front over a waistcoat of ivory lace traced with steel and gold, and revealing an inner vest of pleated tulle, the sole decoration of the bodice being formed of little groups of button-holes worked in pale-blue silk and fastening tiny white buttons embroidered in steel, these same buttons and button-holes putting in an appearance at the wrists, where the sleeves were cut in bell-shape over the hand. It was a charming frock. And charming, too, was a gown I met in its company, made of black net traced with muslin flowers and a lovely embroidery of jet and steel. This was mounted over white lisse, the skirt separating in the front to show an under-petticoat of lisse, and being cut with a very deep flounce round the back, while the décolletage was draped with white tulle.

*Saturday.*—My mother spent a sleepless night in consideration of the all-important question of doing up her own particular sitting-room. After having been satisfied with its details for twelve years, she feels she cannot live another moment in its commonplace surroundings. I had not finished breakfast this morning before she came into my room, with her bonnet duly adjusted, and a firm purpose in her eye to search London for the beautiful in furniture. I persuaded her to a masterly inactivity for half an hour while I equipped myself to accompany her, when I urged

her to solve her difficulties easily and effectively by a visit to Graham and Banks, 445, Oxford Street, where they have any number of rooms on view furnished in any number of styles to suit the taste of the most captious. Graham and Banks, too, have issued a wonderful album of furniture lately; I saw it at Julia's only the other day. It includes pictures of rooms in many different styles, as well as every variety of articles of furniture, all priced, so that if you set your heart on a particular chair you can find out at once to what extent you have to disburse for its attainment. This book also contains some novelties in beds of various woods variously treated, but the room which I think specially suited to serve as a model for my mother's sanctum is oak-panelled, with a frieze of tapestry, and furnished with oak. There is an air of solid comfort and superiority about this. I am sure she will decide upon it ultimately, although after visiting Oxford Street she took the book home with her for her better digestion of the details of the Louis Seize styles and the François I. styles. But the tapestry frieze is the thing—I am quite convinced of it.

#### TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

*CYNTHIA.*—Why don't you copy that jet dress illustrated this week, worn by Miss Oram in the new play at the Globe? You might have chenille-spotted net for the flounce, and, if you prefer it, cut the bodice square in the front and outline the décolletage with a tiny little frill, or just dispense with the white at the neck, leaving it to show the collar-bones. The toque should be the same colour of velvet as the feathers, and have it embroidered in steel. The buttons and belt will be quite enough of blue. The best bodice of that kind I have seen



OAK ROOM WITH TAPESTRY FRIEZE AT GRAHAM AND BANKS'.

is a satin shirt cut in the same style as a man's, with a front piece put in in tucks, and this is to be found at Jay's in Regent Circus. It is completed with a silk collar and a chiffon scarf.

*LASSIE.*—Have a Forty-Second plaid with a belt of bright green leather, with the small yoke and top portion of the sleeves made of black velvet. A black hat, of course. The best thing you can do with the caracule jacket is to make it into blouse shape. Keep it tight at the back and only let it pouch in the front. Have the belt of grey suède with steel clasps, and the high collar and revers faced with chinchilla. Or, if you find chinchilla too dear, then have grey astrachan, but chinchilla would look much nicer.

*MRS. F.*—There is no doubt about it that mourning is once again in fashionable favour. You could not possibly dispense with crape under six months. Have narrow folds of this from the hem to the knee, and cover the pouched bodice at half-inch intervals to match this hem. A belt of black suède with a jet clasp, I should think, you could get at Jay's. Just at the neck, inside the revers, you might have a soft black scarf. The hat could be entirely made of tucks of crape, with a couple of black ostrich-feathers lying downward on the hair. I hate black kid gloves, but I think black suède are quite pleasing to wear. For these let me recommend you cordially to Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street; I have had some from them which have worn admirably.

*STEEL PEN.*—At Marshall and Snelgrove's, in Oxford Street, you can get an entire skirt shaped to the figure made of net and traced with jet and steel. Frill this on the hem with kiltings of net, and use it to cover your black satin. A bodice piece to match this skirt is also to be obtained. The décolletage should be edged with double-kilted frills, the sleeves to be short, also formed of two frills, with straps of black velvet ribbon over the shoulders, like those on the dress worn by Miss Harvey illustrated this week; and across the front of the décolletage have two folds of white tulle, and at one side a bunch of Neapolitan violets falling with long stalks and buds to the waist. Marshall and Snelgrove's have lovely artificial violets; the Neapolitan shade is the more becoming.

*GURNETT.*—A particularly attractive bow for the hair I have obtained recently, made of gauze studded with sequins, from Dubosch and Gillingham, 285, Regent Street. I fancy it came from Paris; but they will get you one like mine if you write to them—always supposing mine was not unique. It is very charming, and I can cordially recommend it to you.

VIRGINIA.